

GOLDEN GATE



A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

VOL. II.

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734 Montgomery St.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1886.

TERMS (In Advance): \$6.50 per annum;
\$1.25 for six months.

NO. 17.

CONTENTS:

FIRST PAGE.—Gems of Thought; The Death of the Old, the Birth of the New.

SECOND PAGE.—Our Home in Heaven; Slave-Writing with Fred Evans; The Rising Day; Intolerance; Reply to Mr. Coleman; A Prediction Fulfilled; The Reincarnation Craze; Information Wanted, etc.

THIRD PAGE.—Easter in the Soul; Materialization; Saturday Night Topics; The Banquo's Ghost of Science, etc.

FOURTH PAGE.—(Editorials) A Question of Conditions; "Facts and Mysteries;" Some Comparisons; A Travesty of Justice; Forward, March! Missionaries Needed; Malaria; They will Learn; The Spins; Doubting Up; Editorial Notes.

FIFTH PAGE.—Independent Slave-Writing; Prof. Lambert's Scientific Knowledge Questioned; Notices of Meetings; Professional Cards; Publications; Advertisements, etc.

SIXTH PAGE.—A Visit to the Planet Jupiter; Taking Time by the Forelock; Occultism in Chicago; All-Important Influence of Sympathy; Longfellow on Spiritualism; An Afternoon with Gerald Massey on Spiritualism, etc.

SEVENTH PAGE.—An English Clergyman on Spiritualism; The True Resurrection; A Detective's Story; Professional Cards; Advertisements, Publications, etc.

EIGHTH PAGE.—(Poetry) Resignation; Decreed; The Silence of Love; Work; Hope Deferred; Contentment; Advertisements; Publications, etc.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

A just man walketh in his integrity.—*Proverbs*.

The tongue of the just is as choice silver.—*Proverbs*.

A merry heart doeth good like a medicine.—*Proverbs*.

A man of understanding holdeth his peace.—*Proverbs*.

Pleasant words are as a honey-comb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones.—*Proverbs*.

He who loves not truth better than himself is not worthy to fight under her standard.—*Elizabeth Sartwell*.

Give me the liberty to know, to think, to believe, and utter freely, according to conscience, above all liberties.—*Milton*.

Temperance alone enables us to endure privations, and it alone can make us acquainted with real pleasure.—*Socrates*.

If men of capacity and talent abandon those who are less gifted, then the difference between the sage and the fool is imperceptible.—*Confucius*.

When thou findest a lie that is oppressing thee, extinguish it. Lies exist only to be extinguished; they wait and cry earnestly for extinction.—*Carlyle*.

It is the great law of nature that, whosoever shuts his heart to the sympathies of humanity, shuts it at the same time against the ingress of all happy influences.

The enemies which rise within the body, hard to overcome—the evil passions—should manfully be fought. Who conquers these is equal to the conquerors of worlds.—*Edwin Arnold*.

Be broad and liberal in your judgments of your fellows. Don't judge them all by your standard, or by that of any other person. Their temptations may have been greater, and their opportunities fewer than yours.—*W. T. Nichol*.

Our business is not to sail as near the wind of what is popular as we can, but in a brave, manly way to keep our vessel's head toward the port of everlasting truth, though the world should think us sailing to destruction.—*Rev. Henry W. Bellows*.

By directing our thoughts to the higher regions of our being, we open up avenues for the inflowing of the universally present elements, the Supreme essence that constitutes our spiritual and mental being, and links us to the Infinite Mind.—*W. T. Nichol*.

These pleasant spring-breezes are blowing on my soul, as on a young green leaf; and I wave and sway, rise and fall in the midst of the heavens, with a wonderful love and happiness upbearing me. Ah! the exquisite, intense calms, which are yet full of a strange quickening and stir of birth!—*Sidney Lanier*.

All around you are the elements and essences necessary for the development of your higher nature. You stand in the realm of Infinitude itself, and have but to direct your soul in thought and desire toward it ere you feel it permeating your innermost life, for he who truly aspires can not fail to be inspired.

THE DEATH OF THE OLD, THE BIRTH OF THE NEW.

A Trance Address Delivered by the Controls of Mr. J. J. Morse before Metropolitan Spiritual Lyceum, London, England.

[Especially prepared for the GOLDEN GATE.]

INVOCATION.

O Thou to whom many altars have been erected, and many forms of faith have worshipped, once again Thy children bow beneath the mystery of Thy creation, and ask that light may be cast thereon. That they may learn something of Thy truth while journeying onward; that they may be sustained, and strengthened in their several ways; that Thy inspiration may fill their inmost soul, and draw forth their earnest purpose, that they may come up higher in the scale of being one step, it may be, nearer to Thee, grow more humanely divine in life and thought and deed, helping the world to be a fairer abiding place, blossoming more with sweetness and goodness; laden with divinest flowers of human character which shall shine gloriously on every life.

Help the world forward to that better time to come when "Peace on earth and good will to men" shall indeed prevail; when sorrows, hatred, wars, and bloodshed, and all evil-doing shall pass away never to be reinstated. When indeed the bond of brotherhood shall circle all the world, and Thy great fatherhood preside over all. That this dream of life, the fair vision of poetic minds, will yet be realized, all who have faith in Thee and Thy truth ever feel assured.

ADDRESS.

It is usual to consider the closing of the year as a fit and proper occasion for taking stock, so to speak, of all that has transpired during its progress, and is further the fashion, at such times, for people to indulge in a revival of fraternal sentiments and expressions toward their fellows, which might equally be profitably engaged in at other periods of the year, besides its end and commencement. We have something in both these regards to engage our attention this evening. We have something also to consider with regard to those larger and more general issues of daily life, which are, we trust, as dear to your hearts and consciences as we feel that they are dear to our own.

Life, it should ever be remembered, is a sense of mutual relationships and interdependences. No one person can stand alone, and Selkirk-like say, "I am monarch of all I survey." Sympathies, encouragement, help, aid, in a thousand forms, every one of you require and need day by day. And to stand alone in that isolation which refuses all humanity's kindly offices is to discredit the finer side of human nature, and to freeze up those expressions of sympathy and good will, of which, alas! the world has all too few as it is. In this, then, one might be pardoned for enforcing the conclusion by saying that if you realize your dependence upon others, and expect them to aid you, extend their sympathy and comfort to you in your distress, you, in your turn, must remember that others are dependent upon you. That it is also your duty to succor the distressed, sympathize with the sorrowful, aid the needy, and do your best for those who need such aid and service, as you may be capable of affording. If the world would only remember this, the red hand of war would no more be known, the sword would grow rusty in its scabbard. For once and all, national quarrels and knightly contests would be things forgotten, or only remembered as horrid images of a savage past. Were these things but remembered, the "golden year" would indeed come, and "Peace on earth and good will to men" would universally prevail. So is it with the higher law of life. It needs but its practice to displace every wrong, and all the lower forms of life and action so generally prevailing. In a former age and generation, you will remember, so runs the legend, so runs the fact, there was born to the world a central figure in a certain form of religious faith to-day. This "Prince of Peace," in whose name men have wrangled, quarreled, and spilled their blood as much as over any question that has excited their rancor, you will remember that this ambassador of God fought a righteous fight for truth, insisted on nobleness of life. And you will remember how bitterly he died in the end for his desire to effect human advancement. For the matter of that, he was not exceptional either in his day, or before his day. Nor has his career been altogether exceptional, so far as what has occurred since his departure. There

seems to be an inevitable ordeal for every reformer to pass through. Strife, conflict, opposition, cruelty and tyranny, these are the ingredients composing the ordeal. Indeed, what matters it after all if the life's blood be spilled on the thirsty turf? What matters it if the body be consumed in flame? What matters it if infamy and execration accompany the daily life of the Reformer if he can drive home the truth he brings into the life of humanity? It will live long after his clay has mouldered into dust; and after generations will seize upon that truth; and honor the life that gave it to the world. The religious worker who has blessed the world, may be numbered among the world's martyrs, dying, fighting, bleeding. The time will come when that name will be jointly honored, and his truth appreciated, for "the whirligig of time" will bring its own revenges. The blasphemer to-day becomes the Jesus of to-morrow. But why came this man? It was at the death of the old. An old, opulent, proud, cruel, and tyrannical; an old that was selfish by reason of these things; an old that was artistic, cultured, brilliant and magnificent, but did not always universally apply the principles of excellence of its time. These were slaves, and helots, bondsmen and tyrants. While there may have been some of the finer qualities pertaining to the higher and nobler orders, we fail to discover that the humble shared the principles of justice, and the general step of progress, amid the splendor which there obtained around them. Their fetters were gilded, their bonds were adorned with ribbons. But they were fetters, and they were bonds, all the same. Public acclamations, and shouts of "largess," will never change the character of steel or hemp. If they bind your neck, or hold your wrist, it is steel or hemp, be they never so well adorned. The world was sighing for some more heroic life than found in the classic mythology of Greece or Rome, and the speculations of India's professors. Some thought that should go to the hearts of men, and break the bond of spiritual darkness that seems to fall upon the mind—some thought that should shine forth in its illuminating power, amid the esoteric teaching of eastern life. Jesus came from the crash of this dying old.

The birth of the new was accomplished in his person. It gained stature under every form of persecution, under every trial and difficulty, until finally culminating in the hearts and minds of men, it is vital to-day in spite of every form of gross ignorance heaped upon it, almost to stifling it—lives to-day in spite of benches of bishops, priests, clergymen, churches, parchments, canons and rubrics. All these things heaped upon it have been incapable of suffocating and killing it altogether, though they have at times come very near to choking the life out of it. The life of Jesus, trust in divine beneficence, the doing good, loving one another; to be pure in heart, living righteously; there is a life beyond the grave. Immortality is the heritage of the race. These truths, born out of the ruins of the classic, dying old; this was the birth of a new era, growing and swelling to this day. The church in any form, is incapable of containing this growth within its own edifice. These principles are beginning to be recognized as the central element of all liberty and equality, and have outgrown the ecclesiastical bonds that held them in check, and are now to become, slowly but surely, the common property of all classes of mankind. The death of the old was the birth of the new. Why was this? What is the law of life? Simply this: The coming idea commences to operate. Its progress is slow, painful and tedious; by degrees it grows larger, grows higher, until at last its pinnacle is adorned with the glory of the sun of truth itself. Then when it seems most promising, when success has been assured, when the multitude throw up their caps and cry "hurrah! hurrah!" to the new king, lo, and behold, further progress is stayed. The mountain grows no higher, the column of glory that adorns it deepens not one single line. But the attentive observer begins to discover that this glory grows narrower and narrower. Why, the top of the mountain is disappearing! Is the mountain coming down again upon a level with the plain? Not yet. It is only a period of rest, followed, certainly, in every case, by a period of apparent declension. Just a little down the hill again, never down to the level of the plain from whence the mount-

tain has been reared, never down to the level of the intelligence of the time in which the new idea came; but always down just a little, just a period of rest, of reaction, just a period for the gathering up of forces and powers preparatory to a new upheaval. Just rise, progress, culmination, and then a little descent, and period of darkness, and rest, in which the forces gather themselves together again for a grand up-shoot, once more, and the new pinnacle is seen rising higher and far beyond the former, even where the glory shines, new and and beautiful forever.

But, grand and glorious as this may be, it is only the precursor of something more grand and glorious still. Progress is a spiritual law. The highest point of one age is ever the lowest point in that which looks up beyond. So always will it be, not only in religion, but in spiritual progress, in government, in politics, in the liberty, in the conditions of humanity, ever the same law operates. Those who expect the world to go uninterruptedly forward in an unbroken career of progressive development are reminded that their hopes and expectations will never be realized. In your own lives, how many illustrations might be found in support of the contention. You do not suddenly attain the maturity of man or womanhood. Little by little you have struggled upward. You have mastered the rudiments of education, learned to handle some tool, or accomplish some profession. Each time the ascent has been made, there has come a period of rest in which you feel wearied and exhausted. The laborer requires a period of recuperation. Then again you start on the road, until at last the highest pinnacle of all is reached, and your powers and qualities are in the best and fullest condition. Then is the golden period of life. That is the "golden year" for you. Then can you be best or worst for the world in which you live; then can you be the greatest blessing, or greatest curse, while you are passing through the stage of human life. Let us hope that to you it may be a time of blessing, when you shall do the greatest good with your powers in their highest degree of efficiency. But you are resting in the mountain top, the glory shines round about you; you breathe the breath of inspiration that flows down upon you. Little by little the summit narrows in its width, the glory begins to pale. One by one the powers of nature seem to withdraw their action. Little by little down the hill of life you pass into the valley of rest and quiet—into the valley of the shadows, into the valley of the darkness of death, where only above you the stars of the eternal silence seem to gleam in their crystalline glory. But you are gathering within you divine strength. Keying up to notes that are only heard in celestial region, gathering strength, power and energy for that final effort that lifts the soul out of the valley of the shadow of death, and places it on the emerald green swards of the eternal home. The death of the old, is again the birth of the new. The descent into the valley of darkness is only for a period for gathering up new strength, and fresh energies to make a grand outburst still to come up higher in the scale of being, to come one step nearer to God! So always is it. Such is the law of life as applied to individuals, and they must expect to be similarly affected. There is never liberty now without subjection being endured. And just in proportion to the depths of degradation, will be the reaction by and by. It is not the rottenness of institution, it is not the inherent debauchery of such administration that brings condemnation upon their heads. It is what they have been doing, what has been garnered up as a consequence of their doing. It is the storm they have been sowing for generations past, adding to, and increasing it every successive year of their existence, accumulating at last to such a thunderous pitch, that all strength is at last overcome, and by the inherent force of their own reactive powers these storms burst out and find in these effete institutions such poor prey as to easily blow them away, as a gust of wind disperses the thistle down upon the heath. If they were strong and vital, if every honest power of nature was employed in administering them, paradoxical as it may seem, revolutions would be powerless against all institutions. But

being administered by weak, demoralized people, being themselves effete and dishonest, the people who have been oppressed, rise up in conflict against them. Often it is through ignorance, the success of these victors are as bad as the tyrannies overthrown and displaced. But the death of the old is accomplished, and the birth of the new is insured. A more important consideration here unfolds itself. Granted that what we have briefly sketched is the universal rule and practice,—for so it is,—what shall we say if when the death of the old has been accomplished by natural or contributory forces, what shall we say is the duty of those who stand by during the birth of the new? It is well to rejoice at the old, if bad, has died and is gone. It is well to see that our gyes, our shackles are removed, that the prison doors are open and the sunlight streams into the cell. What will you do with the liberty that has come? What will you do with the new that is born? Ask yourselves. For truly the new never is born until there are fit nurses to attend its coming. If you wish for the new, then train yourselves for it whenever it may come. Be ready, not only to give it welcome, but to intelligently nurse, and wisely direct it for the honor of humanity at large, as well as for the benefit of yourselves. What shall we say then of the responsibility of every man and woman who comes to the front, but that if you are dissatisfied with the old, train yourself to help establish the new. For know that the old will never die until you have trained yourselves to live above the old and bad. Here, you will say to us, "Well, after all, that is throwing us back upon ourselves, and making us authors of the happiness of the world. Surely, you don't mean that?" For that will destroy our dependence upon God. Every advantage the world should have, will surely come to the world." But we do mean that. We most certainly do mean to throw you back upon yourselves. Why, what would be thought of a mother who takes her little one in her arms, to help it toddle across the room; not only when it is a tottering little infant, but when it is grown-up to be a child and stands by itself; not only when it is a child, but when it has grown to be a youth, when it has become a man? What would be thought of the mother who then would try to hold him up when he is strong enough to stand by himself? Why everybody would say, "Well, what a pair of fools that mother and child must be!" What more contemptuous epithet can be applied to a man or woman, than to say "he or she is always tied to the mother's apron strings."

What, then, does this analogy point to? Help should be rendered, and assistance from time to time when necessary. But there comes a time, and soon to most, when these restraints are rejected, when the child feels a pride in being able to totter from one chair to another, from one piece of furniture to another, until it is conscious of being a little man or woman in the world, taking its place and opening doors for itself. So then we say, like child, so also the man. God is your father. He does not always put His hand under your arm pit to hold you up. He has given you muscle and bone and sinew, which He sees in a little while shall be strong and firm. Stand then up yourself and be a man. He says, "I have given you brains to think with, eyes to see with and hands to work with. Sustain yourselves. I have given you these things." Where then is your dependence? Is it not rather to be found in the way we place it before you; on a true foundation? Do you not see that you are dependent upon God for all that you possess; but that He makes you dependent upon yourselves for the use you put these things to? Hence, then we say that you must make the new by living up to the possibilities of the new; that you must bring about the death of the old by advancing the necessary to accomplish it. For the old will always endure until the new is rendered possible by the people who desire it. But how are we to do this? Perhaps the road may be rough—more so than many would like. We are constantly hearing complaint against the grasping cupidity of the human race. Now we venture to say that with a great many people when it operates against them they are not altogether disinclined to preach it. We hear a great deal of the political servitude of the masses, and of

(Continued on Third Page.)

OUR HOME IN HEAVEN.

[By Miss Rev. H. B. Kenyon, communicated to her son, H. H. Kenyon, of St. Paul, Minnesota, and copied for the GOLDEN GATE.]

(Continued.)

We watched them as they went their way with all the little ones following them. I asked Faith where they would take him; she said first to "Summer Valley," then to any place he wished to go. Then we started once more for our place of duty. We came to more dark clouds, but they were not so black; they separated, or in other words we passed through them and saw a city below us. We passed down to a street and walked along from one place to another. I inquired of Faith if she had lived here; she said, "No; we lived out quite a little distance; do you not think this a pretty place?" "Yes, what is this city called?" "Oh, I forgot; you do not know, do you?" "Well, it is Cleveland." "I like it here—pretty soon you will see our home—there it is! Oh, I am so glad! I guess mamma is at home; it looks as though she is."

This was a beautiful mansion; yes, my little Faith certainly left a beautiful home. It had very large grounds, a fountain and vases. We walked up to the door, stopping a moment to look around; then entered—such grandeur! everything as rich and gorgeous as money could make it. We passed through a winding hall, then up-stairs. Little Faith said, "Mamma's rooms are up-stairs—she always liked it best up here 'cause she could get away from the noise." I told her that it appeared very quiet here. "Yes, but at night it is not. Papa comes home then." I wondered at her reply; but was answered soon enough.

We found everything as beautiful upstairs as below, and came to a room and entered; here all was blue. It was "mamma's blue room—we won't find her here now," and passed through into a crimson one, and there mamma was sitting before a fire-grate with a dear little boy by her side. I should take the mother to be about twenty-five years old and the boy about six; both were very fine looking and dressed elegantly. Faith ran up to them and kissed both—"Oh, my dear mamma and little brother, I am so glad to find you." The little boy began to talk; and inquired if papa would be home to-night. "I do not know, my dear; papa has gone away for a time, and I do not know just when he will return." "Well, can't we go for a drive?" "No, dear, not now; mamma is not well." Yet she looked to me perfectly well. Little Faith said, "Papa goes away sometimes and my mamma cries and cries so much. I wish he would not do so, for mamma is so good."

I could understand it now; this was one of those homes where all is gorgeous to look at, but where hearts are breaking for loving words from the one they call husband; such mockery. How are such punished in Heaven? surely they do not escape. I told little Faith that perhaps we could influence her papa not to do so wrongfully. She said, "No, mamma has lots and lots of time, but he tells her to mind her own affairs, and mamma always does now, but she does not feel very happy. I wish I could take her home with us, don't you?" "Yes, my dear, but we will see what we can do here." We did not leave this home for some time. We could see that there was going to be a change here before long, and perhaps we could do some good.

I thought it best to call Susan, as I was not experienced enough to know just how to act, and my little one did not; so we both passed outside and called for Susan. Very soon she came walking up to the house. I was glad to see her, and told her how things were. "Yes, my dear father, I see all, and we can help them—can help the sorrowing one." We once more passed into the house and remained close by Faith's mamma and brother.

At night the father returned—was intoxicated and cruel; he did not have any love for his own. The mother's heart was breaking for one word of love, but it came not.

The father had company in his room below, and all drank freely to the health of some woman, not their wives; it was heart-rending. The mother raised her hands in prayer of thankfulness that her little girl had not to go through such suffering, and was now at home with the angels. We did comfort her; she became partially unconscious before retiring and saw her little darling by her side. When she came to herself she arose and passed to the bed where her little boy was sleeping, and such a prayer as that mother offered up will call the angels from Heaven to her rescue. May the angels bless and protect all mothers who are thus afflicted. She fully believed that she had seen her darling child, and it was a great comfort to her. She retired for the night, but soon after, came a knock at the door, and she was informed by one of the servants that her husband was sick; would she come down? Yes, certainly, she was ever ready to help those in need. On entering the room she learned that her husband had not breathed for some time. She forgot all his wrong-doing—all she had suffered in her anxiety to help him, but all was of no avail, for he was now no more.

We will pass over this part and the sufferings of this wife and mother and learn how the father was received in Heaven.

We left little Faith with her mamma to cheer and sustain the broken-hearted in the earth home, but said she would return to me after a while.

Susan thought she knew just where to find this man, and sure enough, in one of the most wretched spots of misery. Yes, there he was, and there were a great many more there, but they could not see each other. He was walking along and would every now and then fall. This I did not understand, but find that just as we live on earth, just as we are at the time of leaving the body, so we find ourselves on reaching the spirit world. There is no change mentally. If you have been keeping bad company; if you have been drinking alcoholic drinks; if you have wicked thoughts of any kind, you take all with you; you take your natural conditions and no other; but you can not harm or corrupt others here. They will find others as bad as themselves, and will mingle together for a time, but will in time become despondent, miserable, and will call for other and better conditions. Their greatest suffering, perhaps, will be first for something they can not find here—after that passes away there comes another change—thoughts that sting and torment. Things come up before them that they have neglected to do—loved ones' faces appear before them that they have wronged, and it becomes a place of the greatest unhappiness. None are happy here, and as soon as they wish for better things the angels hear their cry and come to their rescue. But after they are lifted out of this condition they have many others to pass through that will not be pleasant, before they can be called pure. All thoughts are plainly seen here; there is no covering up here. You can not say one thing and mean another without the deception being seen by all.

Our happiness here depends entirely on ourselves. To be happy here at first, we must live a pure life on earth, doing all the good possible. You need not go very far to lend a helping hand. After taking the best care possible of our loved ones at home, reach out a helping hand to those in need. You will always find God's poor all around you. Never seek for missionary work until your own and the needy in your own neighborhood are taken care of. Do not starve your own to feed others. Overcome selfishness as much as is possible in justice to your own. The wrong we do can be blotted out by living a better life after we see our error. We are not forever damned for wrongdoing unless we choose to be, and no one chooses to be; every one in time realizes the wrong that has been done, and is lifted out of such wretchedness.

If you do not come here from a pure earth life, you must become so before you can mingle with the pure and lovely in this life. We do not progress here, until we make up our mind to do so, and till then the pure pass us by. That is just why so many who lived together in earthly conditions, as man and wife, do not meet here for a long time, and in some cases never do; they are never drawn to each other. There is no discord here where the pure in heart reign. It is love and happiness we are looking for, and we go looking until we find it.

This man, Faith's father, had been living a life of deception and cruelly neglecting his wife all his married life. Will they ever meet in this life? If there is no true love between them they will take different paths here. In this case the wife does love him with all her soul and he will be drawn to her in time. What becomes of him? He finds himself moving in some direction and can not see—finds himself at his own earth home where his wife is heart-broken over her loneliness and his wrong-doings—sees himself standing by his own worn out, neglected body. His life comes before him in all its varied phases of deception and wrongdoing. He realizes fully that he has so lived that "death" came through his habits, and with it untold wretchedness to those he should have sheltered; and now he is miserable, and cries for mercy; his conscience is tormenting him. He attempts to tell his wife that he is not dead, that he is by her side, and that he is sorry for all the wrong he has done her; but she can not hear him; he has passed out of her hearing; he can not reach her now by the sound of his voice and is in a miserable condition. He will reap what he has sown; he can not endure this scene of a wife and mother's agonizing sorrow; he loses all remembrance of his surroundings; how long he can not tell, but finally awakens to find himself in a place all alone apparently; all green trees, beautiful and large, but he is so lonely—his thoughts are such that he is wild with regrets of what he has done. He remains in this state for some time, finally a change comes over him and he wishes for something better; he wishes to become a better man, and would gladly try, if he could find the way. He fully realizes that he is in the spirit world, and looks for some one to help him—he longs and looks for some deliverance from this place of wretchedness, but no one comes to him—he wonders if he must always remain here all alone. He remembers that his little Faith is somewhere among the angels and calls for her, his darling child he had neglected so much while on earth—he would like to come to him who had never been a loving father to her? Hers we will leave him and learn if the angels hear the cry and call of those who have caused so many heart-aches and days of sadness, or if they will leave him to work out his salvation.

(To be continued.)

EXPERIENCE DEPARTMENT.

Slates Writing With Fred Evans.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE

I deem an account of the following extraordinary phenomena worthy of record in your paper, not to advertise the medium, though he is certainly worth of his fee, but to encourage truth-seekers and skeptics to investigate for themselves.

On the 3d of May, I purchased a pair of new slates and took them to the rooms of Mr. Evans. It was mid-day when we took seats opposite each other by table. I had previously cut one of the initials of my name on the frame of each slate. Unwrapping the slates and looking again to see that they were clean, I handed them to Mr. Evans, who took them and tied them together with wrapping twine, then sealed them with sealing-wax in the four places where the twine crossed the frames and also where the twine was tied; a bit of pencil was placed between previously. I then, after writing three names on a ballot, which was folded up and placed on the slates, took them in my two hands. Mr. Evans took another slate and washed it clean, threw it upon the carpet about four feet from us with a bit of pencil beneath. Soon the table seemed to be charged with some invisible force, as there was a fusilade of small raps. Soon I heard the writing between the sealed slates which continued for about fifteen minutes, when three raps from the inside of the slates indicated that the writing was finished. Mr. Evans asked how many messages were written on these slates and there were four raps. I then raised the slates from the carpet and found the under side written full and signed "Matthew Allyn." Without opening the slates I put them in my valise and brought them home. I called in a few friends, among them two editors of weekly papers, I explained how the writing was done; stated that I was certain there was no writing when the slates were sealed, and that I was confident there were four messages signed by different parties, two of whom I knew, and two I did not know. I said one would be signed by my mother, and one by Swedenborg, as I had placed these names written on a ballot and folded closed upon the slates. I then cut the twine, opened them and found the surfaces covered with four messages, one signed by Swedenborg, one by Clara Allyn, one by J. Allyn, and one by E. Allyn, his wife; the two latter passed away forty years ago.

In the writing there are evidences of the identity of the writers, but to point them out would make this article too long.

JOHN ALLYN.
ST. HELENA, Cal., May, 1886.

The Rising Day.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Behold the dawn of a brighter day than this world has ever witnessed! Faintly visible in golden tints the rising sun's genial rays greet the anxious hearts so long ensouled in darkness, with a glad welcome. While we gaze with eager eyes upon its increasing brilliancy, and glorious effects, our hearts rejoice in its prospective brightness upon our pathway. The gloom of a long and dark night is dispelled and the mists of morning vanish under its beaming rays. What means this glorious transformation, this new light, so long desired and so welcome, that so engages our attention, and attracts our admiration? 'Tis the glad dawn of Modern Spiritualism, destined to penetrate and enlighten the most darkened minds of earth's inhabitants. Long enough have we groped our way, guided by doctrines and dogmas of ages still darker and more superstitious than ours. Too long have our hearts been burdened with the weight of so-called inherent responsibilities and sins that never existed but in the minds and teachings of those ignorant and dishonest founders of a faith that hold in bondage the very germs of mental and spiritual unfoldment, until little by little, humanity has become aroused to a sense of spiritual longings unrequited, of groaning desires for something higher and broader and more satisfactory than has yet been realized. To this hungering and thirsting world of immortal souls, tossed and torn in their struggles after spiritual food, blinded by the darkness that has so long enveloped them, comes this glorious sunshine of this eternal and transcendent truth, imparting the necessary conditions to satisfy these soul-cravings after happiness and development. Its welcome and universal benefits are inexhaustable and everlasting, and capable of infusing light and comfort into every heart and home enshrouded in mental darkness and despair. O ye unsatisfied, longing souls! O ye who hesitate between two opinions, who cling to the shadow of an inconsistent and benighted theology, come out from the darkness of your past sunless spiritual sky and bask in the grateful and life-giving influence of this universal and abiding philosophy. Open your hearts and minds that its genial and healthful rays may restore and inspire your long-dormant soul powers for their destined condition of enjoyment and highest degree of attainments. This infant glow of divine promise, this newly-awakened hope of immortal happiness, this glad dawn of a brighter and better conception of the possibilities that lie within us, this illumination that penetrates the inner life, revealing the spark of divinity implanted within us by the Divine Being who created us, this self-evident truth, will continue throughout all the ages, enlightening, purifying, strengthening, and comforting every soul that will receive its divine influences, until finally the errors and superstitions, the doubts and fears, that have long prevailed during the dark and sunless ages of the past will have disappeared. O ye sons and daughters of an all-wise and loving Creator, hail with delight this coming day, for it bears on its joyful approach the glad tidings of great joy, "Peace on earth and good will toward men!"

ELLE L. MERRIAM.

LOS ANGELES.

Intolerance.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE

Yesterday I went to Pacific Grove, and it is of certain matters there that I wish to say a few words. There are some sixty families that are permanent residents at the Grove. Of this number fully half are liberals or rather non-religionists; half of the remainder are members of the various churches, and the rest are Spiritualists, and confessedly so.

Now, there is at the Grove what is called the "public parlor," a large, nicely furnished room, where all religious and moral gatherings are held. The various denominations use this parlor freely for their religious services, but it can not be used by Spiritualists for their religious exercises. Pray, have Spiritualists no rights that other religionists are bound to respect?

I am no more in favor of a free (?) hall, for every crank or fraud that may choose to use it, than you are for a *free* platform; but that Spiritualists should be allowed some privileges of their own for religious instruction in these public parlors, not a doubt remains in the mind of any fair minded person.

I have conversed with some of our friends, and it was suggested that any Spiritualist lecturer who should have the endorsement of the GOLDEN GATE, should, or ought to have, the use of the parlors in common with other denominations when not in use by them. Thousands of people visit Pacific Grove in the course of a year, and it is rapidly growing in importance, and is destined to become the greatest Summer resort on the Coast, if not in the world. And it is a matter that should be adjusted immediately, for there are many there now who are actually starving for spiritual food, which only the religion of Spiritualism can give.

Senator Stanford and Mr. Crocker are the principal owners of all that property, and I am informed that they are both very liberal minded men, if not Spiritualists. Will you not, for the good of our common cause, write to Senator Stanford, and laying the facts herein presented before him, induce him to favor the Spiritualists at the Grove, and the cause of Spiritualism and humanity at large, by placing us there on an equal footing with other religious bodies. I am confident that a little effort in this matter upon your part will do great and lasting good.

Fraternally,
PAUL A. SMITH.

SOQUEL, Cal., May 10, 1886.

Reply to Mr. Coleman.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE

Personally, I have not had the privilege of reading "Origen" in the original, or translation; but my attention was first called to the doctrine of "lying for Christ's sake," as being justifiable and as taught by Origen and others of his day and since then, while reading "Mosheim's History of the Christian Church," which I was required to do, and which I did, with pleasure and profit as a theological student. Since then I have seen the quotation repeated, in a number of different works by different authors. It will be found in "Kersey Graves' Sixteen Crucified Saviors," and also, if my memory is not at fault, in the writings of J. M. Peebles, Dr. Elliott's great work on "Romanism," and other careful writers.

Respectfully,

T. B. TAYLOR, M. D.
Glen Haven Sanitarium, Soquel, Cal.

A Prediction Fulfilled.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE

I find the following remarkable entry made in my note-book, on April 17th. I was getting a shave when I got the present, and I told my barber (Mr. Walter, corner Octavia and Post) about it at the time, and to many others since. "Woe, woe! to a few unfortunate persons who are to suffer before the next new moon. Some, by reason of a violent death, caused by a great fire which will burn down many houses, among which I see a big house connected with science and the advancement of education. It is not a school house, for I see no children. Sorrow, tribulation, and great excitement is witnessed." The big fire that burnt down Bancroft's building and other houses yesterday, is the fulfillment of the above.

J. M. L.

MAY 1, 1886.

The largest silver-producing mine in the world last year was the Ontario, of Utah, which yielded \$2,313,387.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

The Re-Incarnation Craze.

A gentleman now resting at the Glen Haven Sanitarium, Paul A. Smith, after reading Mr. Stoddard's attempted reply to my article on the "Pre-existence and Re-incarnation of Souls," exclaimed, "I do wonder if Mr. Stoddard calls that a reply to Dr. Taylor's article? I'm surprised. Not a single fact, or argument has been answered, and the temper is anything but brotherly," etc. So thought I, and so think others, while Mr. Stoddard, and possibly others may think that he has demolished the facts and arguments set forth in my last article on this subject. But there is one point that I settled forty years ago, and that is if I can not reply to, and uproot the position of an opponent by facts and arguments, I will not attempt to hurt him by sneers, or by calling names.

There is not a thinking person in all the world that would be willing to accept a doctrine so unreasonable—so utterly lacking in proof as that of the affirmative of this question, unless they are in possession of some sort of evidence far in advance of what has been presented by any writer in the GOLDEN GATE so far. To the most of readers and students of the great problem of life here and hereafter it is easy to see how the cases referred to by Mr. Stoddard can be explained. There are thousands of cases referable to the domain of dreams that cover, most completely, all such cases as those mentioned. This you will see by reference to Abercromby on the subject of dreams, and also to the casual record of dreams, so-called, that might occur in the experience of different people. I, too, might claim with Mr. Stoddard that I have evidence of the same sort—that I had an existence on this planet before now—for I have visited places often the appearances of which were perfectly natural. I had seen these places before. I had been there, for all the buildings, streets, everything, looked in some degree familiar, and yet I know that in my body I had never been within a hundred miles of those places. Brother Stoddard would say that I have been re-incarnated, and that those places were my residences when on earth before. But unfortunately, for such an assumption, the said places, at least most of them, have come into being since I was incarnated (!) about sixty years ago.

So I take it, that soul "excursions" will account for all that kind of experience. The idea, that souls are "waiting and watching in the homes of children," for a body to be conceived, or born, that they may have 999th re-incarnation is so preposterous that none but a hopeless crank could ever entertain it. But I reaffirm that if you will supply conditions, the materialistic objection to continued life is effectually answered, to wit: "What has a beginning must have an end," and in regard to the human soul we know that such is true. The soul originates with the body, the conditions are supplied and the soul continues *ad infinitum*.

T. B. TAYLOR, M. D.

Glen Haven Sanitarium, Soquel Cal.

Information Wanted.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE

Will you allow me, through your paper, to ask Mr. A. M. Stoddard, of Oakland, for some information in the matter of his article on "Re-incarnation?" Not being able to find Mr. Stoddard's address in the Oakland directory, else would have asked him in private. I have to do it in this way. I am somewhat of an investigating turn of mind, and the subject of "a previous existence" before coming into this world, has often been in my mind. I am not so bold as to criticise that gentleman's able article, only to ask information. I regret that my "dull intellect" is unable to comprehend said article, which is as plain to Mr. Stoddard as A B C. The gentleman said in his article, in GOLDEN GATE of May 1st, "I was informed (some three years ago) by a familiar spirit, that if I would visit a certain locality it would be demonstrated to me I had lived another physical life on this planet. I beg the gentleman to have patience with my dullness—would like to ask him by what *modus operandi* he visited that "certain locality," if in body or in mind, and where that "certain locality" can be found. Again he says: "again in memory, I trod the soil of Saxon's mighty dead. Along the Thanes I clad in armor bright, marshaled my clan and battled with a Roman king." I am gratified to find Mr. Stoddard distinguished himself so gallantly before he entered this vale of tears. I am extremely curious what my condition was before I came into this world. Now, when we enter the spirit world, we can say we had a previous existence. Why can we not say we had an existence before this? Now, Mr. Stoddard would oblige me to inform me how to find that out.

W. A. B.

OAKLAND, May 3, 1886.

At the foot of Main street in Danbury, Conn., stands a house built by El Nathaniel Osborn in 1696. It is a low, hip-roofed house, studded with enormous beams, and lighted by very small diamond window panes. When the British under Tryon fired the village this was the only house spared.

GOLDEN GATE.

the tyranny to which they are subjected. All very well, these masses sometimes complain most loudly. And certain people, agitators, so called, take up these parrot cries and repeat them with very little heart. But if it comes to the question of selling all they have and giving to the poor, of working for human freedom without coat and crust, of daring authorities and protesting against wrong, perhaps some of these people who prate the loudest of the wrongs of the human race would hurry for some convenient corner to hide from the authorities they denounce. We hear of wrongs in religion, of evils, superstition, of ignorance, and bishops and archbishops, and all the rest are liberally railed against. The very same people sit quietly in their pews on Sunday and reverently say "Amen," earnestly join in the singing, and devoutly give the responses through their books, and are to all intents and purposes earnest devotees of the church, as they were loyal supporters of the throne. So that religious reform and human rights may go hand for all they care as long as they are seen in church on Sunday and the fact is talked about on Monday, and customers come to them for their goods. We do not by any means say that all who protest against these things do likewise. We do say that in ninety-nine cases out of every one hundred the people who most diligently protest against the wrongs of life are never the people to do the most for their removal. All these things belong to the old—the existing old. It will be some time ere it dies—the old of ignorance, the old of superstition. What is the cure for this? we ask. Not loud-voiced protest, not great excitement, not learned harangues. These have been tried over and over again. The cure we point to is an appeal to the selfhood of individual men and women to make them feel that their own salvation is their business and nobody else's. The placing of every man and woman firmly and securely on their own feet where they shall feel "I am a man or women, and all that befits the dignity of man and woman, all that man and woman can do in the highest and here, that shall I have and do, and that also shall every man and woman have and do also." Make men and women self-centered. Make them feel that they have that within themselves which gives them a right to think, to be, and know for themselves that that which can bless and benefit them can bless and benefit their neighbors. The old of darkness, ignorance and superstition will never be destroyed while there is the slightest remnant of servility or subjection remaining as part of one man's duty to another.

Worship? Yes, worship truth. Honor nobleness? Yes, when it is nobleness. Bend the knee to greatness? True greatness never asks the bending of a knee. Bow in admiration to the grand and sublime? Aye, yes, it will never harm you to do that, for there is an instructive instinct in man to render homage to that which is better than themselves. But see that that homage is of a double character—a recognition of the greatness it bows to and an inspiration to grow like that greatness as best we can. All this will help the death of the old and help to break down the barriers and restrictions that are artificial and therefore transient in their character; all this will help to dethrone the wrongs and change the abuses which prevail to-day. It will also have the effect of making men and women self-reliant. In this regard there is the constant necessity of intelligent manhood or womanhood. Some will say, "Yes, but you opened your remarks by saying that life was a series of inter-dependencies, and if everybody is self-reliant and stand upon their own dignity, what becomes of your startling proposition?" Why, this becomes of it: That in a well-ordered community where everyone claims a right to be for himself he records the right to all others also; and where you shrink from being subject to tyranny you have only to add the other resolution never to inflict tyranny, and rights and privileges will run hand in hand as they have never done before. The right you claim for yourself is the right you must accord to your neighbor. For a nation composed of honest men and women will never be a nation of isolated selfishness. In individual life honest men and women are only too glad to clasp each other's hands, and help and aid, cheer and minister to each other as occasion or situation may demand. The death of the old then is the death of wrongs and vices. The removal of these can only be accomplished by the individual education of men and women living on a plane beyond that which renders these things possible. What renders them possible? It is this: The weak-minded and ignorant are ever trod upon by the strong-minded and the cunning. Now, you have only to balance this idea. There are laws, situations and requirements, there are social policies and ethics in regard to property and life, and so on, that if analyzed in the light of abstract justice would be most unhesitatingly condemned. There are thousands and thousands of men and women who are quite conscious of the fact that there is something wrong in that state of life which permits wealth to grow wealthier and poverty to become poorer; but for the life of them they can not tell you why the wrong is. They have neither intelligence, leisure, nor inclination enough to go through that inquiry and probe the wrong to its bottom. They have always been taught to respect their teachers, their pastors and their

masters, the administration of the Government, and the head of the Government. They have always had a nameless something called authority hurled at their heads until it has become a second edition of God Almighty. The policeman is its symbol civilly, the clergymen religiously, and the ministers of State are its symbols politically, and various other symbols from time to time come before their notice. Ask them why they bow themselves to these authorities and they could not give you an intelligent answer. And how often are these things directed to the preservation of the privileged few as against the rights of the multitude. They do not grasp them, they are ignorant, they are weak-minded, they are uncultured. We do not speak this as a condemnation; we only deal with the fact, remember. And, therefore, we say the symbols of authority, appealing only to those held in subjection, there analyzed in the light of abstract justice would be unhesitatingly condemned. "Ah," but you say, "if you talk in this way, we shall have anarchy and revolution; there will be no law, order, and justice, and then what disastrous results may follow for us?" That is not the question. We are not concerned with that. We ask you to remember this, that there are things not right, when viewed in this relationship to the welfare of the human race at large. We ask that these things be dealt with, that the wrongs of life be redressed. We ask that every man and woman in civilized communities be taught to think and reason for themselves. And we ask only what is sure to come sooner or later, that every man and woman in the world be concerned in preserving the good order of the world, which will be a great deal better than founding dynasties or empires. You see the difficulty. The death of the old must ever be preceded by the education of those who will be benefited by the new. Reformers have failed, not because these principles were wrong, not because their leaders were misled, but because the rank and file which followed them was only a disorganized rabble, incapable of applying the principles their leaders taught. Christianity is not a failure to-day, because Christ made blunders. Christianity is not a by-word to-day, because its principles are radically wrong, but because those who had to demonstrate it had not the spirit and purpose of it; they sought only aggrandizement, worldly advantage, failing altogether to appreciate the spirit and intention of their leader. So it has been with every other reform that seems to have failed. You will find those reforms that have succeeded the best, have been those that have awakened a spirit of intelligent appreciation in the hearts and lives of those to whom they appealed. And only such, in very truth, become the real followers and workers in the reformation in question. For the reformation then to be accomplished by signs, it must be preceded by educational effort, applied to awaken dormant consciences, of right and justice in the minds of those who will presently benefit by the reformation. The death of the old then must be preceded by educational development; the birth of the new will be best accomplished when it is provided with those intelligent nurses who can take it in hand and wisely train its early estate. We may then be asked for the practical application of these principles in regard to the work that we have been engaged in here. We may be asked how, so far as the truth of the new has been here accomplished, measured by external standards, we should have to say the old is not yet dead. Therefore the new is not yet born. But we do know that in the hearts and minds of many of you we have helped to give the finishing stroke to many old things that you are now sorry for. We know that we have helped the birth of new thoughts, of broader views, and nobler emotions, and in that respect the birth of the new has come as a blessing. We further know that this truth has been preceded by educational effort on our part toward yourselves. We have tried to lead you step by step, forward, week after week, during the now expiring year, so that we could hope to instill something of the new life into your heart, successfully. We say not this in any idle boast. We have succeeded in destroying the old in you. But there is an old outside of you; an old of ignorance and misrepresentation concerning your faith. We know that there is an old within the body that we have to deal with; an old of ignorance, superstition and childishness which has made Spiritualism within itself a by-word, and distasteful to many around, because of the practices they saw within. We have never hesitated to condemn those in the past, we shall never hesitate in the future. We express as frankly now as ever our opinion, that all that tends to degrade Spiritualism minimizes its usefulness, and casts a slur upon the spirit world. We have never hesitated, in spite of many things that you know not of, to give expression to this. We have tried, and shall continue to try, for the death of this which we can only consider an old and bad condition. We have tried to bring in the truth of the newer life, and we frankly admit that we have in some degree succeeded, wherein it shall be found that Spiritualism is synonymous with the recognition of the divine government, the personal immortality of man, the result of right and wrong, and the accounts of present right doing as the only means of future well-being; the duty of making Spiritualism an active principle in daily life, on the grounds that all that is befitting a spirit in the realm of bliss is equally befitting man in thought, deed and act

while living here encased in flesh. That Spiritualism means a lively interest in the surroundings and environments of embodied spirits while they are living here on earth, and therefore is related to every question of political, religious, social and personal existence. Imposing upon you as a consequence of such relation, the imperative duty of doing something, be it ever so small, to better the world while you are passing through it—these things make up the birth of the new Spiritualism we want to see established in your hearts and lives. We have labored persistently, and we venture to say, conventionally, towards this end, and in so doing, we have had a double purpose in view—to make you see that your Spiritualism has an earnest gospel of glad tidings to your self and an honorable factor in the reformatory agencies of modern daily life.

This is the purpose that has animated us during the work now coming to an end, for this year. It is not our habit to make professions; we would only say that the same earnestness, the same purpose will continue to animate us during the new year that has animated us in the past. Let us then see the old die, that old of ignorance, disease, death and sorrow; that old of superstition that still remains; when men barbarously turn and rend each other like beasts of the field, wherein the higher faculty of their natures is ignored. Let us hope the old of tyranny and oppression of class distinction, of groping misery, the bitter past of poverty, may soon pass away. Let us look forward hopefully to that future the glory of which even yet shines beyond the eastern hills, tinging the upper air with silent shafts of divinest light, dispelling the vapors of the valley, and giving them a strange, tremulous motion, presaging some coming shape, that speaks of hope, and love, and beauty, to the toiling millions beneath the black fogs of darkness to-day. Let us labor for the coming birth, when men and women shall be images of God, when their lives shall be an act of reverence, who in every instant of their being look forward to the birth of this coming new. In that coming new shall there be revealed many a promise and prophetic blessing the world has ever dreamed or felt. Happy indeed when the grand old earth assumes her garments of maturity, and stands decked in all her power and beauty. Help us then by your aid to forward the birth of the new, by the unfolding of every faculty of nature and mind you possess, by dedicating these and the good of human kind, and in proportion as you help yourself, so in proportion will you help the advanced of the world. We ask you, then, are your interests in this programme? Do you consider our labors worthy of your confidence? Do you realize that we have acted honestly and frankly by you? Are you willing to sustain us in the coming months? We do not ask your words; they are but air. We ask your deeds, and ask you to strengthen our hands to support us with your presence, with your powers, with your abilities. We ask you to remember that the band of earnest-hearted, single-minded, devoted men and women have stood in the breach for twelve months past; they have borne the difficulties, endured the suffering, fatigue and labor, heartily and loyally for all this period that has run through to-night. We ask you to support us. We seek for no honor, glory or fame, but simple service of truth and the good of humanity. Help us that these weekly gatherings may be a center of real usefulness in the world, to Spiritualism and to yourselves; so that Spiritualism shall be a household word. We say this in the name of humanity, truth and God. We leave the response to your own hearts again, only saying as we close, that by assisting us you will help towards the death of the old and the birth of the new.

Easter in the Soul.

(Christian Register.)

Easter comes but once a year, but the resurrection of the spirit is ever going on. Let the clay return to clay, dust unto dust; the spirit shall return unto God, who gave it. Nature waits for no festivals. Communication with the Eternal Life is never cut off. Spirit is perpetually descending in miraculous incarnations, and spirit is perpetually rising. The true Easter day for us is not that measured by moons or calendars. It is some epochal day in our lives, when a loved soul has found its Bethany and taken its flight, and the hope of immortality is born anew in our hearts. Death, which most challenges our faith, is also the very thing which compels it. This endless flux of life can not lapse into nonentity. The soul predicts its own immortality. Our hopes and aspirations create a to-morrow for us. We live in the future now and here as certainly as we live in the past.

We ask no Easter for the body. It is perpetually dissolving: it is but the fleeting shadow of our identity. Let it melt into its deathless elements. And, for the soul, we ask nothing which the soul does not guarantee. If our Easter is not born in the soul, it is useless to find it outside of it. Easter in the soul is the sunrise of our hopes, the natural bloom of our affections, the proclamation of our duty, the promise of our deliverance. It is present release from materialistic conception: it is the harmony of our spirits with the Spirit of all Goodness, Beauty, and Truth. In this harmony there is no death, but the endless reality of Eternal Life.

Materialization.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

It is perhaps known to you that although wholly engaged in the public ministry of Spiritualism for several years I have all along been exceedingly skeptical in regard to materialization. Having had none or little opportunities of personal investigation, whatever of belief I had in that phase of spirit manifestation rested almost wholly on the very clear and convincing relations of the experiences of John Wetherbee. Of late I have had some personal experiences, so that I can now say (since last Sunday) that my belief in materialization rests no longer upon human testimony, but upon personal observation. The occasion of this communication is that I have promised many of my friends that in case I should witness any fact in materialization to inform them of it; hence, I endeavor to do so through the columns of the GOLDEN GATE, fully aware that my friends who have expressed themselves as having so much confidence in my judgment will say, after reading, what I here purpose writing, "How are the mighty fallen?" Our friend Smith has strained out the gnat and swallowed the camel."

Very well, only remember that not having been argued or laughed into my now positive belief in materialization, I shall not be reasoned or sneered out of it. But as to the facts: Last Sunday evening, April 25, I, in company with several others, attended a seance for materialization, given by the medium, Mrs. Emma Hurst, at her residence in Santa Barbara. Mrs. Hurst is the medium through whom Prof. Hare, Jr., made his very successful experiments a few years since, claiming to have scientifically demonstrated the occurrence of the phenomena through her mediumship, and having heard of this and much more during the last year of my public work, all favorable to Mrs. H., I attended this particular seance, very grateful for the privilege and highly prepossessed in her favor; but, I trust, none the less competent to observe.

The room where the seance was held was small, plainly furnished, and used as a sitting-room. Into this two doors opened—the front door or main entrance and a door from the dining-room. Another door opened from the seance room into a bed-room. The cabinet used was an old-fashioned wardrobe closely lined with dark cloth and placed upon castors, so as to be easily moved. It was open above and below, the castors raising it about two inches from the floor and thus bringing the top within about the same distance from the ceiling. This cabinet was in the dining-room and was brought up to the door opening into the seance room and made fast on either side of the door, about midway up from the floor, by a chain firmly fastened to the cabinet and secured by staple and padlock to the sides of the room door. I was allowed the utmost freedom and made most careful examination of the cabinet both before and after the seance, and, calling the next day for the same purpose, examined and experimented to my heart's content, and am fully satisfied that under the conditions given the only possible entrance to the cabinet was through the door of the seance room; and, furthermore, I wish to add that though aware that a wise man has well said that, "he who, outside of pure mathematics, pronounces the word 'impossible' is a rash man," if I am to credit the evidence of all my senses and my reason, under the conditions at this seance confederacy was utterly impossible, and I am compelled in justice to admit that there was not even a suspicious circumstance connected with it. For a few moments after the medium entered the cabinet the sitters engaged in singing, when the door slowly opened and we all distinctly saw a form standing beside the medium. The door closed but immediately opened again and a child stood in the door for a moment and then came out into the room, and, passing around the circle, gave his hand to each of us. This, I was told, was the medium's child. I should judge him to be about seven years old. All the time he was in the room we could plainly see the medium in the cabinet. The next appearance was what I shall call the crucial test of the evening. An Indian maiden came out of the cabinet and passed around, asking us each to examine her hair. While she was in the room I asked permission to go into the cabinet. Permission being cordially given, I entered, and, laying my hand upon the medium's head and face, I talked with her, or rather what purported to be her control, and all the while the light was strong enough so I could see the medium and the materialized form very distinctly; and as though to overwhelm me with evidence the Indian maiden came up, and taking my hand in hers placed it upon her head and face while my right hand was on the medium's within the cabinet and I stood in the door between the two, trying to apprehend the stupendous fact there presented. A few moments later, while there were two forms clothed in white out in the room, I again entered the cabinet and found the medium as before. At one time there were four forms in the room that came from the cabinet and were distinctly seen by all of us, and we could at the same time see the medium.

There were some twenty-three materializations in all, and some of them of greater interest to me personally than others. But I will trespass no further upon your time and space than to add

that I returned from this seance as certain of the fact of materialization as I can be of any fact in nature.

There were present at this seance Mr. J. R. Dutton and wife, J. Shields and wife, Mr. Forbush and two boys of age ten and twelve years respectively. Any one wishing to verify the statements herein made can do so by addressing the names given, Santa Barbara, Cal., as they are respected citizens of that place.

Fraternally yours,

PAUL A. SMITH.

SANTA CRUZ, CAL., APRIL 30, 1886.

Saturday Night Topics.

[THE E. B. S. in Northampton Daily Herald.]

"O, sometimes comes to soul and sense
The feeling that is evidence,
That very near about us lies
The realm of spiritual mysteries."

—Whittier.

Amid the flood tide of prosaic current events in social, political and, must we say, criminal circles, which the newspapers of the country crowd their sheets with, observant readers of the signs of the times find oftener and oftener tokens of the deepening interest in that "realm of spiritual mysteries," that "undiscovered country" which can alone be the key to this other on the hither side of the shadowed river. Stealing into matter-of-fact or scoffing editorial note and comment, disguised under the pleasantry of humorous paragraphs, tucked half out of sight in a six-line, common-place reportorial reference in an obscure corner, perhaps, you will find it, in one form or another, this yearning query of the soul: "What next?"

Ingersoll and his small army of agnostic followers deceive nobody by their make-believe indifference to a future life, and by specious eloquence and glittering generalities make few converts to their nothogarian theories. Instead, humanity, orthodox and heterodox, trustful and unbelieving, is seeking more and more to peer into and gain practical knowledge of the life beyond death. Call it by what name best suits the fancy, Christian hope, "Spiritualism," or philosophic faith, it all hinges upon one keystone: Belief in a life after death.

Singularly numerous of late have been the newspaper accounts of inexplicable experiences, mysterious phenomena, in all quarters of the globe. Our mind and faith cures are one phase of it, involving experiences which our Salem great great grandfathers would have attributed to supernatural agency. Clairvoyance, second sight, double sight, mind-reading, all these unusual phases of mental power show that the human soul is yet a book only half unsealed to human ken, although some of our learned men and women of this complacent nineteenth century think they have struck bedrock in the study of humanity's psychical possibilities. Natural faculties, which borrow nothing from the superhuman, all these mental conditions—which seem mysterious gifts in a few who are marvels to those who are forced to believe in them—will one day be proved to be. There are many intelligent persons in all classes of society who possess these qualities of mind and soul, who do not wish to exercise a power that will expose them to the curiosity of the public, do not care to experiment with a power they do not themselves understand. They only recognize in it another proof of the limitless probabilities of the human soul, which, if it can occasionally catch glimpses of another and noble life while locked and barred in its clay prison, can surely hope for gloriously extended powers and attainments when it passes on "Beyond the Gates,"—if its earth life has been strongly pure enough to fit it for upward flight.

The Banquo's Ghost of Science.

[Light.]

For more than a generation demonstrations of the spirit have been given to the world, making converts by millions, and establishing the truth of spirit existence and intercourse by evidence as strong as any that science affords to support the truths which it claims to have discovered; and but for invincible prejudice spiritual truth would have been as generally accepted. From the first, however, this truth came in conflict with the strongest convictions of the scientific minds of the age. It had been settled by the intellectual methods of modern physical research that no such thing as spirit had any existence except in the superstitious imaginings of uneducated minds. Following, as it was thought, the principles of Francis Bacon, science had obtained the true and only key to the exploration of the universe—sensuous observation and experiment; and because in its ultimate researches it had found only material organisms, it had relegated spirit to the limbo of exploded fancies, only possible in a comparatively infantile condition of the race. That, after all its conquests, modern science should be confronted with the rehabilitated ghost of this spiritual fancy was provoking indeed; and especially as the phantom had been evoked through her own methods of sensuous observation. To apply these methods to physical nature was considered the grandest exercise of the human understanding, but to employ them in exploring the phenomena relating to the spirit world was in the words of Tyndall, "intellectual whoredom."

GOLDEN GATE.

[May 15, 1886.]

GOLDEN GATE.

Published every Saturday by the "GOLDEN GATE PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY," 28

734 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

J. J. OWEN, EDITOR AND MANAGER;
MRS. MARY P. OWEN, Assistant;
R. B. HALL, General Agent.

TERMS—\$2.00 per annum, payable in advance; \$1.00 for six months. Clubs of five mailed to separate addresses \$1.00, and extra copy to the sender. Send money by postal order, when possible; otherwise by express.

All letters should be addressed to: "GOLDEN GATE, No. 734 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal."

SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1886.

A QUESTION OF CONDITIONS.

No intelligent scientist will deny the necessity for strict compliance with known conditions, in the accomplishment of any exact and desired result. Thus, in chemistry, liquids and solids are made to change places in a certain way; various compounds are produced by certain combinations; and where exact results are desired, the established formula therefor must be strictly followed.

We are told that the children of Israel, when enslaved in Egypt, were compelled to make bricks—that is, adobe—without straw, but we do not imagine they succeeded in turning out a first-class article.

In the field of experiment, in any science, wherever a valuable discovery is made or desirable result obtained, the process is carefully noted, and henceforth followed, unless by future research a better way to the same end should be discovered.

This principle holds good throughout the domain of the physical sciences. There is no exception to the rule—no deviation therefrom is expected or sought for. Whoever would insist upon a deviation from established formula, as a condition precedent for the accomplishment of any known result, would be laughed at for his pains, or considered a fit subject for a commission de lunatico inquirendo.

Notwithstanding this recognized necessity for conditions in all departments of physical science, in the realm of psychical knowledge and research, everybody—that is everybody who has not learned the better way by experience—will usually insist that there shall be no conditions, or at least only those of their own making. In the presentation of spiritual phenomena, they demand that they shall be produced in a certain way, no matter how greatly at variance with the laws of said phenomena that way may be.

Perhaps this is not surprising, when we consider the marvelous character of the phenomena presented. The mind, unschooled in such stupendous mysteries, can not grasp them at once. And yet are they any more wonderful than many familiar facts in nature which excite no feeling of astonishment in the mind? What is there in nature really more marvelous than the materialization of our physical bodies, with their arterial, nervous, muscular and osseous systems, and their many hidden springs of action? What is gravitation, electricity, heat, light? What is matter, spirit? How does the grass grow, the rose unfold into bloom? What is perfume, and how is it exhaled from the violet? What is life, or death?

The fact is, nature is teeming with mysteries quite as great as any presented in our spiritual facts, and yet we pass them by with scarcely a notice. And concerning these facts no one presumes to question the conditions under which they are found to exist, or are produced.

FACTS AND MYSTERIES.

"Facts and Mysteries of Spiritualism" is the title of a volume of 378 neatly-printed pages, by Joseph Hartman, just issued by a Philadelphia publishing house, a copy of which is before us. It purports to be the history of the author's experience and investigation in spiritual phenomena, during a period of seven years.

Starting out with a firm belief in the doctrines of Christianity, and also with a determination to reject all spiritual communications that did not confirm him in his belief, as coming from evil spirits, he soon found himself obsessed by a legion of devils, of a more demoniacal character, if possible, than those that were supposed to have run the swine into the sea, in the days of the Nazarene. A large portion of the book is devoted to an account of the nature of this obsession—to messages filled with coarseness, profanity, and all manner of deceit,—which is nothing more nor less than the ravings of "a mind diseased." Had the author, who is, no doubt, a medium of considerable power, yielded a passive submission to the influences, and not set up a defiant struggle in his nature against such spirits only as confirmed him in his errors of belief, he would doubtless have escaped the peril to his brain which his contumacy invited.

The book is of no value to spiritual literature, except, perhaps, as a beacon light to warn others against pursuing their investigations in matters psychical and imponderable in a like perverse spirit. The book is for sale by Joseph A. Hoffmann, Bookseller and Stationer, 208 Montgomery street, San Francisco; price, \$1.50.

Our agent and collector, R. B. Hall, left on Monday on a two weeks' business trip to Tucson,

SOME COMPARISONS.

It is strange how many marvelous manifestations of spirit power, physical and otherwise, occurring in past ages, as recorded in the Testaments, religious people generally believe to be true, and yet they will discredit all similar phenomena of modern times.

Take the case of Samuel's appearance to Saul, as recorded in 2d Sam. xxviii., 12-16, and we have a most striking instance of spirit return. Spiritualists should read the entire chapter. In the light of Modern Spiritualism it has a new meaning. "Samuel said to Saul, why hast thou disquieted me to bring me up?" If Samuel really said this, as all Christians believe, then the dead could return and talk in Saul's time. And if then, why not now?

The prophet Elijah presents another remarkable illustration of spirit power. If the accounts are to be believed he was actually transported from place to place by spirit power. In the times of Bible history they called this power the spirit of the Lord, but it was spirit power all the same. The adepts of India are able to perform the same wonders. They call this power the *akasha*. Moses Hull, in a recent lecture in Richmond, Mo., relates the following:

In the city of Harrisburg resides two brothers, Andrew and William, sons of Joseph Potts. I could tell very much about these mediums, but have only time for one little incident, which is not only told, but told on the oath of as honorable men as there are in Pennsylvania. These two brothers one evening were going with a company of about a dozen others, about seven miles up the Susquehanna river, to Mechanicsburg to a spiritualist meeting. Just about the time they were about to start, Andrew was taken suddenly quite ill, so that he could not go. After a little discussion, it was decided that his father, Joseph Potts, should remain with Andrew, and all the balance of the company go to the meeting. About the time the train started out, young Potts got better and went and got his violin and began to amuse himself by playing on it; he was thus playing, so his father says, when the train went by. In a few moments, however, he was missed from the house, and when the train arrived at its destination there stood Andrew Potts with his fiddle bow in his hand, awaiting the arrival of the train and company from Harrisburg. He had started after the express train and arrived in advance of it. This I know to be true—that is, I know every part of it that can be known without seeing the man carried through the air.

A similar case is that given in the eighth chapter of Acts, in the story of Philip and the eunuch whom he converted and baptized in one of his journeys. The record says: "And when they were come up out of the water, the spirit of the Lord caught away Philip, that the eunuch saw him no more; and he went on his way rejoicing. But Philip was found at Azotus." Now, Azotus is thirty-seven miles from the place where Philip baptised this person, and yet our Christian friends find no difficulty in believing the story, while not one of them will credit the seven-mile aerial trip of Andrew Potts! We have numerous well attested instances of this kind—notably with the remarkable medium, D. D. Home.

And then we have Charles H. Foster's phase of mediumship illustrated in the person of David. Bible readers will remember that in his dying talk with his son Solomon concerning the building of the temple, David says—I Chron. xxxiii., 19—"The Lord made me understand in writing by his hand upon me even all the works of the pattern." The fact is, the Scriptures abound in spiritual phenomena which all believers of the Bible must accept as gospel truth, and yet will they reject all similar phenomena of modern times—phenomena which they can see demonstrated all around them, if they will. In this they can hardly be considered consistent.

MISSIONARIES NEEDED.

We don't suppose that there is a so-called heathen land on the globe that is more in need of true missionary work than those that so pompously distribute missionaries abroad. In Japan, the traveler will find its restaurants perfectly clean and systematic; the walls hung with beautiful pictures of birds and flowers, interspersed with mottoes from Buddhist authors, as, "Forgive all injuries;" "Speak ill of no one;" "Be kind to the unfortunate;" Be attentive to the poor and the aged."

In sorry contrast with these humane, heathen promptings, are the adornments of our eating saloons; where one generally finds repulsive cuts of pugilists, half-clad women, and such legends as, "No credit given here;" "Beware of pickpockets;" "No tramps admitted to table." Why is it that other nations do not send missionaries to the United States? There is surely need enough of them, and the need is a growing one. Those who have studied the questions in connection with foreign heathens will doubtless agree with Prof. Morse, that they are too polite to offer us instructors or instruction. Nothing better was ever said of barbarism, and nothing more sarcastic of Christians.

If modesty were a Christian virtue, we should not thrust ourselves upon those who practice true Christianity then we can preach.

MALARIA.

The time has come when one must live very high in the world to avoid that baleful thing that assumes so many forms, but always known as malaria. Scientific investigation shows that on the Tucson Apennines it is found at a height of one thousand one hundred feet above the sea; on the Pyrenees and Mexican Cordilleras, five thousand feet; on the Himalayas, six thousand four hundred feet; on the Island of Ceylon, six thousand five hundred feet; and on the Andes, eleven thousand feet. These are the extremes to which this foul vapor has been known to rise, but its

SOME COMPARISONS.

maximum is generally much lower, though it is found to be increasing every year. The altitude of safety for the present has been set for various places at the following elevations, but so far as our own country is concerned, the statement is somewhat erroneous, as all know that malaria exists in California far above one thousand feet. But, this report says:—In Italy, four to five hundred feet; in California, one thousand feet; along the Appalachian chain of the United States, three hundred feet; in the West Indies, one thousand four hundred feet to one thousand eight hundred feet. With the growing tendency of malaria toward high places, human beings are just as safe in its old haunts of low-lying regions. At least, it is nearly impossible to climb out of its reach.

A TRAVESTY OF JUSTICE.

Our laws for the punishment of crime are supposed to have been enacted for the protection of society against the depredation of evil-doers; but instead thereof, their practical operation seems to be rather to enable an unscrupulous class of criminal lawyers to rob the people and defeat the ends of justice.

The people pay large sums for the arrest of criminals, and then, no matter how great the crime, or how positive the assurance of guilt,—tax themselves heavily to assist the criminal in escaping the consequences of his acts. In fact, the effort to enforce our criminal laws, in many instances and in many of the courts of this State, is the veriest burlesque. Juries are packed to ignore the most conclusive evidence; intelligent men are purposely excluded from the same; and the trial becomes a disgusting farce and travesty of justice.

A few months ago, in this city, a quarrelsome son killed his father with an axe. No sooner was the murderous act accomplished than the horrible nature of the deed broke upon the consciousness of the murderer in all its terrible enormity. He made no attempt at concealment, or to escape the penalty of his crime. He declared his purpose to plead guilty before the court and take the consequences. But when placed upon his trial he was denied that privilege by the court, and the people are now to be subjected to the expense of a trial, to prove that the man did not do what he positively declares he did!

In a neighboring county, not long ago, an Irish fellow-citizen, split open the head of an inoffensive Chinaman with a mattock, for no other cause than that the latter refused to give to his murderer what he did not have to give—some tobacco. A packed jury, composed largely of the murderer's own countrymen, some of whom had carried banners in anti-Chinese processions, and yet who swore they had no prejudice against Chinamen (!)—tried the case, and acquitted the murderer, who retired from the prisoner's box gloating over his deed of blood!

Numerous instances of this character, and other instances of the complete perversion of justice, are familiar to every person of average intelligence. In civil actions a partial remedy has been provided in our State Constitution for the utter prostitution of justice, in the majority verdict of juries. The same principle should be embodied in our system of criminal jurisprudence—a majority of three-fourths of a jury being empowered to convict. This would greatly simplify and economize the criminal business of the State; and the ends of justice would be far more satisfactorily subserved.

THEY WILL LEARN.

—The Russian Ministry has ordered the authorities of all universities in the Empire to at once adopt means for the immediate and permanent suppression of all forms of political education by young students. That may be a good means of keeping the young Russians in ignorance of the policy of their country for a time, but we do not believe it will prove a remedy for Nihilism and revolution. Empires and kingdoms have grown old, tyranny has grown old and more exacting. Humanity is growing in a better direction, and as it has taken the liberty to think, it demands the liberty of life and all that goes to make it desirable. It is true that the boon of freedom does not always at once prove a blessing. In many cases it is like giving sudden wealth to a beggar, he does not know the best use of money nor what he wants, save food to satisfy hunger, and may turn his competence to evil. But he learns by experience to be wise, and so will the foreigners of our land, who are making so bad use of their liberties.

DOUBLING UP.—In union there is always strength. The newspaper owners have found this out, and many of them have either bought or sold to their neighbors in the past ten years. But contrary to all mathematical calculation, one and one do not make two in these additions, but a stronger unit. It is a matter of economy and business gain, that the small sheets should consolidate, and no little consideration to the community that is expected to contribute to their support. The same idea is finding its way into the church, and it is now proposed that the British Baptists and Congregationalists unite as one denomination. It is stated that the platform of the proposed union has already been settled at private conferences, and that it is likely to be adopted by both sides in their May sessions. The points of difference that keep the numerous Protestant churches separate, are so slight that a little reason should sweep them aside, and unite the majority in one. They all have but one aim, and are all striving for one goal—saving souls to gain heaven. Could they not do this better together than apart?

FORWARD, MARCH!

We are constantly reminded by Freethinkers, so-called Liberalists, and occasionally by Spiritualists, that the church has done many wicked things in the past—that it imprisoned Galileo, burned Servetus, and subjected thousands of heretics to the rack and thumb-screw to convince them of the beauties of the gospel of Jesus!

Well, suppose it has. That was in an age of moral darkness, long before man entered upon his heritage of intellectual and spiritual liberty. What is the use of harping about it forever? Why go back, groping amid the sepulchers of the past, while the present is flooded with such glorious sunlight? The church does not do those wicked things to-day, and it has no word of justification for the many dark deeds in its history. It has advanced with the advancing thought of the age, and is honestly engaged, to the best of its ability in ameliorating the condition of mankind.

It may not be putting forth its best efforts, but it is doing the best it can in the light of its history and surroundings. We might as well denounce our present civilization because our puritan forefathers burned witches, and whipped Quakers through the streets at the tail of a cart.

The true way of human progress is to look to the front, and march straight forward in the path of duty. Leave the dead past alone with its dead—alone with its hideous shapes of error that have been buried forever. We know how terrible has been the struggle with ignorance and superstition that poor, benighted humanity has been compelled to endure in its outreaches for the light. The path of progression, all along the ages, has been ensanguined with the blood of martyrs innumerable. But that is all in the past; let it be forgotten—as the spiritually unfolded man would forget the follies and sins of his youth.

The time has come when in the progress of enlightened thought, and in all reformatory efforts for the betterment of the race, all good men and women, of whatever race or religion, should stand shoulder to shoulder. Bickerings in the matter of creeds should cease; and especially should Spiritualists be willing to recognize the good in all religions, and take by the hand who ever loves his fellow-men.

It does no good to bewail the past, either in individual experience or in the life of the world. If thy sins beset thee, cast them off, and rise in the sovereignty of a soul redeemed, not through the death of others, but through the transcendent powers of your own immortal spirits. Who would consent to live a slave to any hurtful habit or appetite, advertises himself to the universe as one fit only to obey, and never to govern others. Who would rise with a risen Christ to dominion and power in spiritual things, must first become master over himself—sovereign in the realm of his own spiritual nature.

"Enter the path." It leads to health and peace, and to that spiritual unfoldment wherein one can find no time or inclination to look back—no desire to see aught but the bright side of life and the good there is in all humanity.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—The GOLDEN GATE is rapidly nearing the close of its first year. We modestly think that but few Spiritual papers ever gained a more enduring hold upon the affections of Spiritualists in so short a time.

—Only three weeks more to the camp-meeting. In addition to our able corps of home speakers, let it be remembered that one of the very best of our Eastern speakers—Mr. W. J. Colville—has been engaged for the season.

—W. A. Matthews, a celebrated platform test medium of Brooklyn, New York, has been engaged for the camp-meeting, and both he and Mr. Colville will be present on the grounds at the commencement.

—Very liberal cash offers will be made privately to all who get subscribers for *Mental Science Magazine* of Chicago. It gains rapidly. Single copies ten cents. All desiring offers will receive them; also copies of May and June, and pamphlet by editor, for eight cents in stamps.

—The Charter, Declaration of Principles and Constitution and By-Laws of the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society have been printed in a neat little pamphlet for gratuitous distribution. Copies may be had at this office.

—"Esoteric Christianity and Mental Therapeutics." By Dr. W. F. Evans. A grand book. Just out. Order it of A. J. Swarts, President Mental Science University, 161 La Salle street, Chicago, for only \$1.50 postpaid.

—Communications are being received daily from different parts of the State in regard to camping accommodations, and the best mediums in the interior and in San Francisco have signed their intention of being present. With harmonious action on the part of all, the meeting will surely be a most interesting and gratifying one.

—*The Eastern Star* is the name of a new bi-monthly just started by C. M. Brown in the interest of Spiritualism at Glenburn, Me. It is a clean, neatly-printed paper, and is furnished for \$1 per annum. Judging from the increase in the number of our Spiritual journals the cause of Spiritualism is spreading at an unprecedented rate.

—President Mental Science University and editor *Mental Science Magazine*, 161 La Salle street, Chicago, will open a large class May 18th; tuition \$50. Indigent students favored. Apply soon.

—Miss Grace Henderson, one of our sweetest vocalists, sang "Consider the Lilies," at the Metropolitan Temple last Sunday evening, to the delight of all. She will sing again on Sunday evening, May 25th. Thomas McGuire, the eminent tenor, will sing a solo to-morrow evening.

—That excellent trance and test medium, Mrs. M. Miller, has removed her residence and seance rooms from 106 Seventh street to 114 Turk street, where she will be pleased to receive her friends. Public seances Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings, and Fridays at 2 p. m. See card elsewhere.

—As some of the messages upon the slate published in our last issue are difficult to be read, we have been requested to print the same. We hardly think it necessary. Most of the messages can be readily deciphered. They are mostly of a private character. It is the manner of the writing, and not the matter, in which the public are most interested.

—Dr. H. W. Abbott, formerly known throughout the East as the "Boy Healer," has arrived in San Francisco, with his wife, and is located at 823 Valencia street, where he will diagnose and treat all diseases to which the human family is subject. Dr. Abbott and his wife are intelligent, pleasing people, and our Spiritualistic readers will be delighted to make their acquaintance.

—*The San Jose Mercury*, the most enterprising of all of our interior journals, is preparing to issue a Grand Army edition of fifty thousand copies, full count. It will contain a full description of the beautiful Santa Clara Valley, and its many advantages as a place of residence, together with a vast amount of most valuable matter. Copies of it will be sent to every Grand Army Camp in the United States.

—One of the very best edited of our Spiritual exchanges is *Light in the West*, published at St. Louis, Mo. It sparkles with good things which we are pleased to copy. There has been running through the last few numbers an interesting article entitled, "Why I became a Spiritualist." It is evidently the product of a clear brain. The writer gives reasons for his conversion that would convince any reasonable mind.

—That is a strange case of sympathy related by a member of the French Academy of Medicine, in which the falling of a widow upon the arms of a child, produced corresponding pain and bruises upon the mother's arms, who witnessed the accident. We are learning wonderful things in these days, and learning by demonstrated facts that the invisible forces around and within us, are the mainspring of our life. They operate at a distance between individuals and annihilate distance as steam and electricity have annihilated time.

—Mrs. Dr. Beigle—the little lady with the wonderful, magnetic hand,—has removed her office from 319 Turk street to Phelan Block, Market street, Room 314. Dr. Beigle is one of the most successful magnetic physicians we have ever known. Her power lies in her right hand and arm, and with this she performs some astonishing cures. She is clairvoyant and clairaudient, thus being able, through her spirit physicians, to obtain, invariably, a correct diagnosis of disease.

—"The little busy bee doth not improve each shining hour, but gathers honey from the flower only three out of the twenty

INDEPENDENT SLATE-WRITING.

Procured Between Closed Slates by Dr. Rogers Before a Public Assembly.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

During the past season Mrs. M. E. Williams has, on the first Wednesday of each month, held a public reception at her parlors, to which all liberal minded people, and all interested in the progress of humanity have been invited. Last evening, May 5th, she gave the closing reception for the present season, and the large parlors of her residence at 232 West Forty-sixth street, were filled to overflowing. These receptions, beginning in October last, and continuing until last evening, have been not only a source of enjoyment to those attending them, but of instruction as well, for at each gathering there has been presented an intellectual treat, in the form of brief addresses, by some of the best speakers and thinkers known among Spiritualists, recitations by good elocutionists, and music, instrumental and vocal.

Last evening addresses were made by Charles Dawbarn, J. W. Fletcher, Geo. H. Everett, and Wilson McDonald, each of whom proved themselves capable of being both entertaining and instructive.

Recitations were given by Mrs. Gertrude Davis, and Miss Jennie Montague Griswold, both of whom merited and won the applause of the assembled guests. It was the first appearance of Miss Griswold at these receptions, and her excellent and almost unequalled rendering of the "Bob-o-link," with her perfect imitation of its sweet song notes, was greatly admired, as was also the fine reading she gave of "Rhœucus." A number of the ladies present contributed the music, instrumental and vocal.

Among the guests was Dr. Henry Rogers, the medium for independent slate-writing, and at the suggestion and earnest desire of those present he consented to try and get the writing in the presence of all the assembled guests. A pair of slates were procured, cleaned, and fastened together with a rubber band, with a bit of pencil inside. The guests were all crowded into the front parlors, which were brilliantly lighted, and a table placed opposite the open door-way into the dining-room, just inside the dining-room, in which the lights were lowered.

Dr. Rogers seated himself at this table facing the audience, and the closed slates were handed him, which he received and held in his hands on top the table. The Doctor was quite nervous, never having before tried to get the writing under such circumstances, but was assured that all present regarded the trial simply as an experiment, and if nothing came it would not be regarded as evidence against his mediumship. He was under a powerful control, seemingly unable to either hold the slates still or down upon the table. Near the table stood Mr. Rothermell, the materializing medium, and but a few feet distant Mrs. Williams was seated. Thus three powerful mediums were in close proximity.

Dr. Rogers first called the writer to come and hold the slates with him, and I took a seat at his right at the table and grasped the slates firmly with both hands. A moment later, Dr. Rogers asked Mr. Dawbarn to also come and hold the slates, and he took a seat at the left side of the table, and also grasped the slates with both hands.

The slates were now powerfully drawn first towards one and then another of us three, and in about one minute I heard the scratching of the pencil, which continued for about six seconds, and then the medium struck the table with his right hand and Mr. Dawbarn and I let go our hold upon the slates and Dr. Rogers held them in his left hand for perhaps two minutes, seemingly undecided what to do with them, and then handed them to me with request to open them.

I carried them to the center of the parlor, beneath the chandelier and there in the presence of all, opened them, and found, much to my surprise, the following messages, for from the brief time that I heard the scratching of the pencil, I did not expect to find at most more than a name written thereon.

On one slate was this:

It is good that you gather together friends. Let harmony prevail in your midst and we will be with you.

P. T. HOLLAND.

On the other slate was this:

The spirit world will aid concentrated action for the advancement of truth. Act together, brothers and sisters, and your cause will prosper.

E. V. WILSON.

These two messages were in markedly different hand writing, and were received under the conditions above described, and this gives us grounds for hope that ere long Dr. Rogers will be able to exhibit this interesting spirit phenomena upon the public platform before large audiences; and to this public and positive demonstration of the mediumship of Dr. Rogers for independent slate-writing, I am happy to bear witness.

The series of receptions given to Mrs. Williams during the past few months have been fraught with good to the cause of Spiritualism, and the sentiments of all present were gracefully and feelingly voiced by Dr. Everett when he referred to the fact that this was the last for the present season, and thanked our hostess for the many pleasant and profitable hours we had passed in her hospitable home.

JOHN FRANKLIN CLARK.
NEW YORK, May 6, 1886.

Prof. Lambert's Scientific Knowledge Questioned.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Professor Lambert, on last Sunday morning, through the mediumship of Mrs. Watson, in reply to a question on materialization, made an assertion substantially as follows: "That while a cabinet might be necessary for the development of the psychic form, that any form purporting to be that of materialized spirit, coming to us in a tangible shape and appearance, if genuine, could dematerialize in the presence of the investigator; but if it had to return to the cabinet, or go behind a curtain to dematerialize, it was a fraud."

We are anxious students in this field of research, and desirous of learning all the truth in our reach, touching a subject at once so marvelous and grand. For what is more wonderful than spirit clothing itself in human form and speaking to our hearts through all the senses of material existence! Professor Lambert was a scientist, and we have heretofore observed a candid and philosophical manner in his answers to questions; but the sweeping assertion above sounded as coming from one wholly ignorant of scientific methods.

Materialization is an absolute fact, demonstrated beyond question by some of the leading scientists of the world. Science asserts nothing to be true or false till thoroughly demonstrated by experiments. Now, I would like to ask Professor Lambert if he has ever made any experiments in materialization? If so, will he please tell us where and when they were made? What was the result obtained?

Do you consider Katie King a fraud, because she had to return to the cabinet to dematerialize for Professor Crookes in his investigations? You said afterwards, that it was but your opinion. Scientists never deal in opinions of facts. Your emphatic statement, "that a materialized form that had to go back to the cabinet to dematerialize was a fraud," is given as a positive fact—an assertion of but little value until scientifically proven; and if not proven it is but the utterance of a not too wise or generous spirit.

MARY HAWORTH.
OAKLAND, May 10, 1886.

The trouble over the Caroline Islands is settled through the friendly offices of His Holiness Pope Leo, to whom the veteran German Emperor has sent an elegant gold cross set with jewels, as a token of gratitude from his Government. Now, if some wise arbitrator can be found to stay the threatened war between Uruguay, the Argentine Republic and Brazil, it will save the world from much sanguinary telegraphic news that is more expensive than instructive.

TRUSTEES' MEETING.

A meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society was held on Wednesday evening, May 12th, at which the following proceedings were had:

Treasurer M. B. Dodge reported the total amount collected during the first two months of the existence of the Society, to May 1, 1886, \$710.50; amount paid out, \$540.75; balance on hand, \$169.75.

The Business Manager was instructed to refuse all business announcements from the platform of the Society, in matters not relating to the business of the Society.

An application for ordination as a teacher of the gospel of Spiritualism, was received from Mrs. E. A. B. Crossette, of Alviso, and referred to a committee, consisting of J. J. Owen, R. A. Robinson and Mrs. E. E. Staples.

On motion, twenty-five persons, members of the Society, were appointed, in compliance with the rules of the Society, to act as an Advisory Committee, subject to the call of the Board. Following is said Committee: W. A. Aldrich, R. A. Robinson, M. R. Roberts, Mrs. Olive M. Wabburn; J. D. Wheelock, Mrs. J. D. Wheelock, V. F. Small, Mrs. V. F. Small, Mrs. N. L. Churchill, Amos Adams, W. H. Mead, Mrs. H. Mead, Mrs. Sarah M. Kelley, Mrs. M. B. Dodge, Mrs. J. J. Owen, Mrs. Frances Connor, G. H. Hawes, J. C. Harvey, Mrs. A. D. Wiggin, Chas. H. Gilman, Charles H. Wadsworth, Mrs. T. S. Cressy, J. L. Russell, C. W. Coney, Mrs. C. W. Coney.

On motion William Emmett Coleman was unanimously appointed Corresponding Secretary of the Society.

It was unanimously resolved that Mrs. E. L. Watson be granted a vacation from the last Sunday in May till the first Sunday in August, with salary to continue.

Ordered that a sociable be tendered to Mrs. Watson, to be held at the lower hall of the Temple, on Friday evening, May 28th.

There being no further business the Board adjourned.

J. J. OWEN, Secretary.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SPIRITUAL SERVICES by the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, at Metropolitan Temple, under the ministrations of the celebrated and eloquent inspirational lecturer, Mrs. E. L. Watson, Sunday, May 31st. Morning service, at 11 a.m., questions answered. Lecture at 8 p.m. Subject: "Your Mission, or the Ethics of Every Day Life." The Children's Progressive Society at 12:30 p.m. A cordial invitation to attend is extended to all.

PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.—"Light and Truth."—At Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. Every Sunday evening there will be a conference and fact meeting, closing with a test service by mediums of a variety of phases. All Speakers and Mediums invited.

N. B.—The Free Spiritual Library in charge of this Society is open to all persons on Sundays from 1 to 4 o'clock p.m. Contributions of books and money solicited.

THE OAKLAND SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION.—Meets every Sunday, at 2 p.m., at Grand Armory Hall, 419 Thirteenth street. Public cordially invited. Direct all communications to G. A. Carter, 360 Eighth street, Oakland.

DO SPIRITS OF DEAD MEN AND WOMEN Return to Mortals? Mrs. E. R. Herbert, a spirit Medium, gives sittings daily from 12 to 4 p.m., (Sunday excepted), at No. 418 Twelfth Street, Oakland, Cal. Conference meetings Sunday evenings; Developing Circles, Tuesday evenings. Public are invited. No. 9.

LIBERTY HALL SPIRITUAL SOCIETY meets every Thursday evening, at 7:30 o'clock p.m., at Liberty Hall, Brush street, near Market street, local railroad station, at Oakland. All are invited. Admission, free. Dr. Poulson, Lecturer. Marshall Curtis, President.

MEDIUMS' UNION SPIRITUAL MEETINGS.—At St. Andrews' Hall, No. 111 Larkin street, every Wednesday evening. Good speakers and mediums present. Admission free.

THE SPHINX.—This ancient and monster piece of stone-carving, designed to symbolize the strength and wisdom of King Cephren of Egypt, builder of the second pyramid, is being cleaned again of its sands that have buried it more than once from view. It is not known at whose expense this work is being done. It is enough to know that the mysteries of antiquity will sooner awaken public interest than do modern and present doings and events. Leon Gambetta's grave at Nice, is not recognizable as the resting-place of the honored and beloved French statesman. Three years have passed, and its temporary wood scaffolding still remains, fastened with faded garlands and wreaths that well represent the neglect and decay the spot is fast falling into. Gambetta is not the only one who seems forgotten by the country he served and honored. It may be only French deliberation.

There is a "Suicide Club" lately organized in Danbury, Conn. Clubs are generally formed for defensive purposes, but this one is an exception, and is designed to furnish those of its members who desire to end their earthly careers, with any means for so doing they desire. But human nature is very perverse, and it does not long for that which is freely given. Therefore, we doubt not this "Suicide Club" is right end to, after all, and may change to no trifling extent the suicide rate of Connecticut, at least.

CALA'S SPIRITUALIST'S CAMP-MEETING.

The Second Annual Camp-meeting will open at Oakland on the 5th of June, and continue to July 5th. Our local speakers and mediums will be assisted by W. J. Colville, trance speaker, of Boston, and F. O. Matthews, platform test medium and speaker, of Brooklyn, N. Y. An afternoon and evening meeting will be held each day of the week, with exception of Monday. There will be a good restaurant on the grounds, and an abundance of tents furnished and ready for occupancy upon arrival of campers. A cordial invitation is extended to all to be present and participate. All communications should be addressed to

G. H. HAWES,
Corresponding Secretary.

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TO FRIENDS OF THE GOLDEN GATE

For the purpose of placing the GOLDEN GATE upon a basis that shall inspire public confidence in its stability, and also for the purpose of extending the field of its usefulness, a number of prominent and influential Spiritualists have organized themselves into a Joint Stock Company known as the "Golden Gate Printing and Publishing Company," with a capital stock of \$15,000, divided into 3,000 shares of \$5 each. The corporation is invested with power to carry on a general printing and publishing business; to buy and sell, hold and inherit real estate; to receive, hold and dispose of bequests; to deal in books and periodicals; in short, the foundation is laid for the future of a large publishing, printing and book-dealing business.

It is agreed that each share of the capital stock of said Company subscribed for shall entitle the holder to an annual dividend of ten per cent, payable in subscription to the paper. That is, the holder of five shares, or \$25 of stock, shall be entitled to a copy of the paper free, so long as the corporation exists, together with all the profits and advantages which the ownership of said stock may bring. (The paper at \$2.50 per annum—the lowest price at which it can be afforded—being equivalent to ten per cent of \$25.) For any less number than five shares a pro rata reduction will be allowed on subscription to the paper. Thus, the holder of but one share will receive a perpetual reduction of fifty cents on his annual subscription. That is, he will be entitled to the paper for \$2 per annum. The holder of two shares will pay but \$1.50; of three shares, \$1; four shares, 50 cents, and of five shares, nothing.

By this arrangement every share-holder will receive, as we have before stated, what is equivalent to a perpetual annual dividend of ten per cent.

The subscriber for twenty shares of the stock, or \$100, would be entitled to four copies of the paper. He could, if he chose, dispose of three of these copies among his acquaintances, at the regular subscription rate of \$2.50 for each per annum, and thereby realize what would be equivalent to a cash dividend of seven and one-half per cent on his investment, and have his own paper free in addition.

This plan of incorporation can not fail to commend itself to every Spiritualist who has the welfare of the cause at heart.

As no more stock will be sold than will be necessary for the needs of the business—which will not be likely to exceed, in any event, over fifty per cent of the nominal capital—and as the paper will be conducted on the most economical principles, there will be no probability of, or necessity for, future assessments. The sale of the reserved stock would be ample to meet any contingency that might possibly arise. But, with careful management, there will be no necessity to draw upon this reserve. On the other hand, from the present outlook and the encouragement the paper is receiving, we confidently believe that the time is not far distant when the business will pay a fair cash dividend upon the stock, in addition to that already provided for.

This is no vagary of an inexperienced journalist, but the firm conviction of one who has had a quarter of a century of successful experience in journalistic management. You can order the stock by mail just the same as in person, and will receive therewith a guaranty of free subscription.

While the paper is now placed beyond the possibility of failure, still its future usefulness will depend, in a large measure, upon the liberality of its patron

[Transcribed for the Golden Gate.]

A Visit to the Planet Jupiter.

(Through private mediumship.)

In Jupiter one of the people there would make three of you. You would be considered a dwarf there among them. They possess great physical beauty; of course, you can judge of the appearance of their houses and public buildings. They are greatly advanced. The child when born in this planet is not the helpless mortal for the length of time they are upon other planets. Their government is republican like ours, with the exception that both sexes have the same rights and rules to control them. Women are looked up to intellectually and spiritually, men for their physical strength and beauty. Marriages are formed at an earlier period than upon many planets. You rarely see those of fifteen unmarried; if so there is a good excuse. Sickness is not as general there as upon your planet, for the people observe hygienic laws more.

They have cities, towns and villages, laid out much as you have. Married couples always immediately have a home of their own; it is an unusual thing to dwell with relatives, or in a strange dwelling-house. The spiritual growth seems to belong particularly to the women in this planet. Take a boy and girl of the same age; you will find the boy a child compared with the other. So there is always at least ten years difference in their respective ages at marriage. This is so that the man will possess that strength of character which will enable him to be the protecting counsel of the other. You seldom hear of such a thing here as a divorce; it is considered shameful, and only under extraordinary circumstances is it granted. Marriage is a civil institution as upon earth; but marriages are formed I think with better judgment than on earth. There is no difference in the education of the two sexes, with the exception that no woman is considered marriageable until she understands how to take charge of a home, and the oldest in each family are the housekeepers. In the different ranks in life, there is no difference in this respect, hence the rich child has the same advantages as the poor; her physical system is as fully developed, but it does not always follow that she is to be the drudge of a household, but they must understand how to direct their inferiors, and educate their families, so the finishing accomplishments of the young ladies are how to take charge of a home of her own when she has one, and how to make that home happy by good management.

They have had spiritual communications longer than upon earth, and know the good that comes from it. Christ is called the deliverer, but he is considered a mortal endowed with spiritual powers; but he is not the only one; there must be a commencement, he was the deliver, but they now have a medium in every family developed, as in time there will be upon your planet. This is what prevents so much discord in families; they have a mediator always with them, who assists them to settle their disputes, and their children are brought up with this spiritual influence from birth, so they advance more rapidly without bigotry. The medium is always looked upon as being the spiritual member of the family, which links them to their next and spiritual home. There is a difference in their belief, for each one does not believe in the final salvation entirely alike. They all believe in spirit communication, but all are not able to receive communications from the higher spheres, so they do not receive the knowledge of the higher spheres. What they receive they receive from spirits who can tell them as far as they have progressed and no farther, and all will not believe the farther progression without hearing direct.

They have different modes of traveling. For short distances and pleasure, horses are used—an elegant animal with finer instincts than they possess upon your world—they are noble and fine-looking animals. Almost every family possess a carriage or vehicle of some kind which travels at the rate of your steam-cars; they resemble very much your new velocipede; they are the same kind of machinery, but very much improved; they can go up hill and down hill, and the weather does not interfere with their capacity for traveling. The vehicle is propelled by pressing the foot on a spring, and the pace is easily increased or decreased. There are conveyances that are worked by steam that go through the air. You will have them in your own country within a century. As they have river and ocean navigation as well as upon your world, the steamboat is also a means of travel.

There are many improvements that are strange and interesting, and show a higher grade of progression than on your earth. Especially is this marked in the manner of dress, which largely accounts for the perfect health among our sex. In fact disease is scarcely known among the women; if anything we are the healthiest of the community. When there is any affliction it is generally laid to the parents, and is generally thought criminal. I have never seen such beauty as they possess; it is the more delicate form and more spiritualized soul encased in a good healthy frame, without the hardness of man, and yet sufficient without crushing out the woman.

It is delightful to see such progression. I should like to describe to you the dress of a young lady—that is, what would be

considered a fashionable dress. They make great use of flannels. The first garment next to the skin is a flannel shirt half low in the neck and to cover the top part of the arms; then there is a kind of drawers or flannel pantaloons made short just below the knee—that is the under dress. Now, I will give you the dress of the one in particular I am speaking of. This is a winter dress, remember? A black velvet tunic or waist, whatever the fashion may be, not tight, but just to set easy; this is trimmed to suit the taste high in the neck with long sleeves; then there is an overpants of light cambric which are made as pretty and as delicate as the wearer wishes; then there is a little skirt of blue or any color; this is just above the ankles, not too wide, but sufficient to hang gracefully, and it has a very pretty effect, I can tell you. According to their age the length of this skirt differs. My young lady with the blue skirt was half way between the ankle and knee. This dress is considered suitable for riding or any out-door exercise. Some wear a light wire skirt, but so delicate and so light that you can not feel any fatigue from wearing it. This is worn generally when the dress is to the ankle. The stocking is a very important article, and is of any color or material the wearer can afford or choose. These meet the pants and are clasped by a handsome garter which has a beautiful effect. Then the boot is a very sensible one—soles from an inch to a half in thickness, made quite high for walking, and are very pretty, I can assure you; and a pretty foot is of some account here. Then, there is a little cuff of lace or something thin at the neck and sleeves. The hats are different; many wear a jaunty one, and some resemble what are worn with you. The hair is generally fixed to please the wearer, but the Jupiters are noted for their magnificent hair. This is the dress of a sensible young lady of that realm. For different occasions the general dress is changed, but the style is about the same.

The material of the male dress is similar to what is worn upon earth with this exception: heavy broadcloth is not, worn every season of the year. Clothing is arranged for comfort entirely, and of light materials, and I think they are very sensible there.

The two sexes are educated together and have generally the same exercises, so that physically they are well developed. The chief study is to dress suitably for these exercises with as little clothing as possible; both sexes being brought up together they are much in advance of children upon some of the other planets. One thing you will notice in all of their plays and exercises, and that is the deference which is paid to our sex. You would naturally think this would be lost being so much together.

An infant is not carried up and down stairs or from room to room by its mother or any one else; when they require the air they are taken out in carriages until they are able to walk themselves. Mothers with large families here are not broken down more than a mother with one child upon your planet.

A WONDERFUL spiritual seance is reported to have been held in this city some time since, says the Newburyport *Valley Visitor* (a secular print), at which were more than twenty persons, and whatever happened was in the clear light, to be seen by all present. A guitar was placed on the floor, under a man's foot, who had orders to see that it did not escape him. It had nothing attached to it. Very soon, "contrary to the laws of gravitation," it is reported to have risen, without being touched or aided, and stopped on a lady's shoulder, where it played a tune, nobody touching it. The lady and also a gentleman affirm that they saw little white fingers operating under the cords, but they were not joined to any human hand. Afterward, of itself, the instrument went along the line of spectators, stopping and playing at several points. "If this be so—and the witnesses are respected for truth and veracity—there is a power in the material world that can suspend the laws of nature, as understood. It is just as easy for a mountain to cast itself into the sea as for a guitar to move itself the smallest fraction of an inch from the floor by its own volition."

TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK.—At a canvas held in a mining district, a Hibernian cried out vociferously, "I nominate John O'Rourke for wan o' thim things!" (referring to some minor position on the ward ticket to be voted for at the charter election.) "One of what?" inquired the President. "Oh, wan o' thim things yer makin'." "Who is John O'Rouke?" asked a gentleman standing near. "I've been in this neighborhood for some time, but do not recall the name." "Oh, he's me cousin. He's not arose in this country yet, but he tuck ship Wednesday, an' he'll be har in time for 'lection, an' I thought I'd have an office all ready for him when he got here."

HER tired spirit was released from the painracked body, and soared aloft to eternal rest in the realms of celestial glory at 4:30, Denver time.—*Obituary in New Mexico Exchange.*

THERE are now thirty-one women in the Universalist ministry. Six of these have churches in Illinois.

AN iron tower, 984 feet high is to be erected on the grounds of the Paris International Exhibition.

Occultism in Chicago.

[A. van H. Wakeman in Chicago Times.]

The wheels of life move on unendingly, but the forces that move them must be sought for in the realm of the viewless. The unseen rules the seen; but while this fact is palpable the impalpable causes elude search. It is the problem of the ages. What and why is life? Where is truth? How can it be applied to solve the complex problems of human existence? Nature—our mother Isis—can she give the solution? Has she the key?

Many systems of philosophy have spoken in reply, but none have answered—so say the occultists—say occultism.

There are three societies in Chicago devoted to the study of the occult. But for all purposes of idle inquiry, two of these brotherhoods are a very sphinx of silence, posing in a mystery as profound, an isolation as impenetrable as their ancient prototype dwelling in the desert of old Egypt, with the sands of centuries drifting deeply around her. Not even their names known to the uninitiated. Each of these two societies has a probationary term of seven years for the neophyte. The first degree can not be taken until this time has elapsed, unless the right of admission has been conquered through unusual development of occult powers. They date their origin from mythical times. There are ten degrees in each; however, only nine of these can be taken in this country. The aspirant for the tenth must seek it in the land of the Nile. The membership is composed of about an equal number of men and women, and there are lodges, as the societies are called, in all the principal cities of this country and across seas, including the remote east. The number of members is limited in each country, but it is not likely that the quota will be filled, for there are very few who have either the physical, moral, or spiritual courage to undergo the ordeal through which admission is obtained. They are ascetic in habit, and their special aim is to cultivate unselfishness of action. Their bond of brotherhood is so sacred and binding that life itself is freely given by brother for brother. They use both the Jewish and Oriental Kabalas, and believe the soul possesses the power to disengage itself from the body, making "astral" visits whenever it wills. Elliott Coues recently wrote an account of an "astral" visit made by himself to an old and intimate friend. These "viridical phantoms," or, as the Germans phrase it, the "doppelganger," are plainly recognizable as fac simile representations of the individual, and the occultist claims that many apparitions can be accounted for in this way.

The rooms occupied by these societies are arranged according to the harmonic laws which are supposed to govern the development of occult powers, and are never entered save by initiates. At their weekly meetings each member occupies the same seat. The keys of the lodgeroom are held in sacred keeping by the chief magus. There are only two persons in this country—one in Chicago and one in New York—who have taken the first nine degrees of these two societies.

The third body of the occult group—the Theosophical society—has its latch-string always out, inviting the wayfarer athirst for such science to enter and drink at the fountain of truth, whose disciples they believe themselves to be. Condensed within a single phrase, theosophy is the broadest altruism—a veritable brotherhood of humanity, whose only pathway to "Nirvana" lies through utter abnegation of self. It seeks to develop demonstration the god in man. "Nirvana," theosophically understood, is the attainment of the highest individuality through a complete divestment of everything which clogs the pure spirit entity or the "Brahman." Consequently it is absolute harmony with the laws of universal being. This is called "deliverance," and to attain it, if one would join the company of the gods, purity of thought, purity of word, and purity of deed are the essentials.

One of the "mahatmas" says: "To crown all human and purely individual personal feelings, blood ties and friendship, patriotism, and race predilections will give way to become blended into one universal feeling, the only true and holy, the only unselfish and eternal one—love, an unmeasurable love for humanity as a whole." In short, "the individual is blended with the All."

The headquarters of the present Theosophical society are at Madras, India. Elliott Coues, of the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, author of the "Biogen Series," is president of the American board of control, and some of its prominent members are Prof. J. D. Buck, dean of the Cincinnati Medical college; Gen. Abner Doubleday, and Theodore M. Johnson, editor of *The Platanist*. Theosophy is increasing in popularity, and it would seem that we are to see the old "wisdom-religion" infiltrating its philosophy into the minds of the people. One of its cardinal principles is that each man is to himself absolutely "the way, the truth, and the life," and that his sins and responsibilities rest on himself alone.

In the same manner that the telegraph operator makes the electric currents the servant of his intelligence, so the occultist claims that will-power can be used upon the molecules of "akasa." Akasa is that sublimation of matter which contains all the elements of the universe in a resolved state. The adept will set in motion

these molecules, condense them, or reform them by the operation of his inherent powers.

Among the students of the occult, the lodge-room levels all. He who possesses such illumination of spirit as enables him to use the powers within him for the broadest and noblest purpose, takes the highest place.

All-Important Influence of Sympathy.

[From "Birth and Death," by Baron Hoffmann.]

Besides these physical influences, sympathy exercises great effect, and in three directions. It is scarcely necessary to say that a very injurious influence is produced when persons are among the circle who are unsympathetic to the medium; as a rule the latter becomes at once aware that they are inclined to look upon him as an impostor. It is not the endeavor to procure strict conditions, with a view to widening our knowledge and experience, which has a disturbing influence, but unjustifiable mistrust *a priori*. In the same way, it is not a matter of indifference whether members are or are not sympathetic with one another, for this has an effect on the oscillations and the harmony, which will be easily understood by any one who has been forced to play or sing in company, and who has found his audience thoroughly unmusical. It produces a chilling sensation, when a person, un-called for, obtrudes his highly skeptical sagacity. I am convinced that even the clairvoyance of a seeress is influenced more or less by confidence or mistrust. All these phenomena depend in some measure on the power of the will, and, therefore, harmony or concord, like everything else, exercises an influence.

The subject becomes far more important and of higher interest when we consider the influence which sympathy or antipathy exercises upon the unseen world, which said sympathy and antipathy seem to be caused and influenced by the ethical and intellectual worth of the company or circle. It is this influence which proves that in the case of these phenomena we are not dealing with inert forces of nature. According to my experience, the manifestations increase in importance when the circle is composed of earnest, thoughtful persons, and decrease in a corresponding manner, when frivolous or foolishly-skeptical people are present. When strict conditions are insisted on, with a view to obtaining further increase of our knowledge, results readily follow; when, however, they are instituted as a trap for the medium, no results are obtained. There can be only three reasons for these coincidences, to which we will come immediately. I will only first remark that, according to my experience, the presence of such persons does not disturb the conditions to any extent on the first occasion, but only afterwards, when the phenomena by repetition do not make much impression upon them, though such a reversal of the known ordinary laws of nature would not fail to stamp itself on the mind of a thinking person. I have often noticed that persons remain quite unmoved in such cases, while they welcome with the greatest energy the most unimportant trifles, calculated to throw suspicion on the medium. Thus a witness, who had seen the most splendid manifestations in the presence of Bastian, grasped the fact of his shoes being found off his feet at the conclusion of a seance, as important evidence against him. When Jesse Shepard, who created so great a sensation by his wonderful compass of voice, which embraced the deepest bass and the highest soprano, and who could produce these extraordinary notes either accompanied by a church organ or a drawing-room piano, announced his arrival in Europe, he wrote that he would bring his own piano; that was quite enough to prove the matter was a swindle. Because he preferred his own piano to a strange one, the voice must, therefore, come from the piano!

Longfellow on Spiritualism.

In the "Life, Letters and Correspondence of W. H. Longfellow," by his brother, Samuel Longfellow, recently published, frequent allusion is made to Spiritualism, and thoughts and incidents co-relative to the subject are not uncommon. In the journal of the poet, under date of Nov. 21, 1859, is recorded the following:

"This morning I dreamed that Charles Sumner had returned, and that I had seen him. I was awakened suddenly by the sound of two cannon shots. It was the salute of the British steamer in Boston harbor. So, after breakfast, I went into town; and sure enough, in the little parlor in Hancock street I found him."

We have previously mentioned that he (L.) gave private audience to Kate Fox, in his library, and that he made a note of the fact that while she was present rape were heard by him on the door, the wall and the floor. The following are the last lines of verse written by him previous to his transition. They are the closing ones of his poem, "The Bells of San Blas." Says his biographer, "Had he known that they were the last verses he would write, could he have chosen any more fitting close?"

"Out of the shadows of night
The world moves into light;
It is daybreak everywhere."

THE church at Bryan Station, Ky., has had but two pastors, a father and son, in the 100 years of its existence.

An Afternoon with Gerald Massey on Spiritualism.

[From the Secular Review, April 15.]

I listened the other Sunday, at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, to a remarkable address by a remarkable man. To many of this generation Gerald Massey is known only somewhat vaguely as a Radical poet. Few among us know the good work he has done on behalf of liberty, when to speak and write for education and progress was not quite so fashionable as it is now. An earnest believer in right, an enthusiastic singer of his love of the people, a keen, caustic critic of the sham and frauds that defraud and degrade society. Gerald Massey, in his green and vigorous old age, has a good record to look back upon. Remembering these things of him, though never having seen him, I went, full of anticipation, to hear this hard-headed, warm-hearted old Radical speak. His address was reply to some adverse criticisms that Von Hartman had been passing upon Spiritualism, and, as I listened, it was strongly borne in upon me, as the old Puritans used to say, that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy." Talk of tales of wonder, mystery, and imagination, why, here was a man who, through his wife and other media, could, and did, not only call spirits from the vasty deep, but they actually came when called.

Premising that he should deal only with *facts* that came under his knowledge and observation, and after some scathing observations upon the self-sufficient critics who arrogantly presumed to pronounce judgment upon phenomena they refused to investigate, denouncing them as Swift's "silly tribe"—"never so easy as when grinning through the horse-collar of the Press"—sarcastically apologizing for being a poet, which to many people, he said, was only another name for a liar, he proceeded to deal with the phenomena that, grouped under the generic name of Spiritualistic facts, had occurred in his own experience and life. These I need not enumerate—mysterious knockings, singular weird prophetic utterances of men and women who, as mediums, in and out of trances, in season and out of season, brought messages from the dead of yesterday and fifty years previously; agitated pencils, tied to three-legged stools, persisted in writing mysterious messages; Muller, the murderer of Briggs, giving an account of his sensations when being hanged; one woman, as a medium, strangely manifesting the masculinity and passion of the male spirit, whose confessions of indulgence she was conveying; the strange, quiet "passing away" or dying of his wife by his side, and his renewal of the conversation that death had interrupted—these, and many other extraordinary and wonderful things did he pour out easily, fluently, and as calmly as if only reading the items of an invoice of goods. No one could doubt, who heard him, that he believed all he said. The one necessity to impress an audience he had in large abundance—an abiding earnestness and belief in his theme. The heavy blows he dealt at the metaphysicians, whom he called "the chaff-cutters of the human mind;" the epigrammatical dismissal of the late Lord Lytton's claim to be ranked as a Spiritualist, as a man "whose sincerity was always doubtful, because he seemed to have a false bottom to his mind;" his *naïve* confession that he could not be classed among those who had gone mad on Spiritualism, because he came of a race who had not brains enough to do that; his defensive assertion for Spiritualism that "the extraordinary was common nowadays," and his singular plea that he only came to his present conclusions through a curriculum of doubting, "until he doubted his doubts," were smart and witty enough to relieve what one might be otherwise tempted to characterize as a dreary recital of supernatural Munchausenism. There is one singularity respecting the Spiritualists, and that is, like every other sect, they have a jargon of their own. Mediumistic nature, sensibility, luminous bodies, trances, etc., mean much to them, but do not convey very clear ideas to the uninstructed in Spiritualistic shibboleths. His close was very good—fine, in fact—as warming with his theme, and recapitulating his position and facts, like a skillful speaker, he graphically, by inference, claimed for Spiritualism that it conclusively proved the continuity after death of man's spiritual nature, took from the grave its horror, and robbed death of its sting and power.

THE Des Moines, Iowa, *State Register* says that prohibition has "killed the town"—"so badly that last year it expended more money for improvements than all the anti-prohibition cities in Iowa put together. Over \$3,000,000 was expended here in actual improvements." The *Register* goes on to say that Des Moines can stand a good deal of this kind of "killing," and it hopes the process will continue.

THIS day [Tuesday, May 11th] will always be a memorable one in the history of Governor Stoneman. It is the date on which he ordered a suspension of business throughout the State in honor of the "First Annual Picnic and Entertainment under the auspices of the Federated Trades, to be given at Woodward's Gardens; admission 25 cents; children 15 cents."—*San Jose Mercury.*

An English Clergyman on Spiritualism.

[Banner of Light.]

That liberal and progressive monthly magazine, the *Truthseeker*, edited by Rev. John Page Hops, and published in London by Williams & Norgate, reprints from the *Leicester Morning Post* a brief summary of a lecture by Mr. Hops before the Literary and Philosophical Society of Leicester, in which he related some of his experiences in psychical research during a period of twenty years. He remarked that there existed doubts in the minds of some whether it was right to look beyond the veil. As a matter of fact, said Mr. Hops, everything is behind the veil until some daring investigator brings it to the front. If the Great Power that made us, and governs everything, determined we should not communicate with a world of being unseen by ordinary vision, it would be impossible for us to do so; it would be impossible for us to find the veil and walk behind it; but if such communications exists, it is proof positive that it is not only allowable but desirable. One of his personal experiences was that belief as to the reality of those wonderful occurrences was enormously widespread. William Howitt estimated that there were twenty million Spiritualists in the world, and he supposed there were about fifty or sixty journals, published in all languages, and an immense quantity of literature, on the subject. Persons who declare their faith in these wonderful occurrences belong to all classes of society, including judges on the bench, senators in congress, newspaper editors, schoolmasters, preachers and many well-known men and women. The lecturer proceeded to relate extraordinary instances of psychical phenomena and two instances of remarkable dreams, and concluded by saying he had given a poor gleaning in a great field, yet that poor handful might be too heavy for most of them. If personal experience can alone warrant belief, personal investigation alone warrants denial. It is a trite remark, but it is true: "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy." For himself, the longer he lived, and the more he saw and heard and experienced, the more he felt that we are only living on the rind of the great orange of existence. It may be asked: What good will Spiritualism do? He did not know, but he thought that tremendous uses for it are looming in the distance. Others said they did not believe in the supernatural. He (the lecturer) did not believe there was any such thing. God and man, heaven and earth, angels and creeping things are different phases and forms of the natural. The question is: Is it true? He was one of those people who thought that a seeker after truth had no right to open and shut his eyes when he liked—to please himself as to what he saw. Under certain circumstances, under certain conditions, with certain persons, unseen somethings exhibiting intelligence, exhibiting strange and complicated command of forces, are able to indicate their presence and prove their independence of what we call material things. He called no fact common, or unclean, or vulgar; he deemed no fact childish or unworthy which might lead to any truth; and he took it to be a sign of manly wisdom when one is free from rash assumptions, hasty condemnations and the bigotry of uninformed prejudice.

The True Resurrection.

[Ezekiel W. Mundy.]

We get to the happiness of heaven, not by resurrection into another world, but by resurrection into a higher state of life. The highest rising on Easter morning is not answered by getting into another world of place, but by getting into another world of thought and desire. The problem for us to settle is not so much whether we shall live on—that will be settled for us by other powers than our own—but the problem for us is whether we shall be worthy to live on, whether we shall live better; and that each one is to settle for himself. The Christ lies to-day buried in all our hearts. The ideal life is entombed in the grave of our earthiness, covered with the stone of ignorance, and sealed with the signet of that universal king, selfishness. The true resurrection comes to us only when our best self, our ideal life, bursts the bars of this death, when we permit the divine angel to roll away the stone, and permit the divine thought to come forth as the king of our lives. Heaven can not be peopled by men and women who merely live after the death of the body. Heaven is peopled only by those wise and good spirits who, like Jesus, have been faithful to the best that was in them, and who, like him, have walked up the steep mountains of the world into the glory of the transfiguration.

The Easter Sunday will be wisely celebrated by us as we read this deeper lesson of the duty which is upon us, that we rise from our graves of selfishness and dishonesty, and that we henceforth walk in newness of life.

Mere continuance of life without nobility of life is but a low attainment for a human being. Going into the other world, to people its dens of crime or its marts of dishonesty and selfishness, is hardly worth the aspirations of a being who might attain to the beauty and dignity of the angelic nature. We should aspire to the heaven of the life beyond. But I think it quite impossible for a man to aspire to the heaven of the future, and at the same time to be satisfied with the

principles of hell here. No man who is persistently dishonest in his trade can die in hope of heaven. He may think that because he belongs to a church, and calls himself a Christian, and trusts in the merits of Christ, he will get to heaven; but it is a mistake. Heaven is nearer. We can get to heaven only by that resurrection to a life which is heaven.

A Detective's Story.

[Detroit Free Press.]

"Did I ever consult a clairvoyant for information?" repeated a detective yesterday, as he flushed up and looked foolish over the question.

"Come, answer."

"Well, once upon a time I did, and I don't mind telling you that I made a fool of myself—not by consulting her, but by refusing to heed her information. This statement probably astonishes you, and I will therefore explain. Do you remember when Preston's bank was robbed?"

"Yes—a good many years ago."

"So it was, and I had been detailed on the detective service about a fortnight. Naturally I wanted to make a strike. My wife realized it, and she put me up to see a clairvoyant. I thought it a silly thing to do, and one night I slipped off like a criminal and dodged into the office of a leading female astrologist and planked down a dollar. I hadn't the faintest hope of securing any information of value, and therefore her very first words were a stunner. She said:

"You are looking for criminals, and I will help you to capture three of them this very night!"

"If you please," I modestly replied.

"At eleven o'clock to-night, she continued, 'men will set out to rob a bank.' They are now consulting in a room above it. They have all their tools in the room and they have placed blankets to the windows to hide their light. If you go at once and get help you can capture them."

"But where is it?"

"Let me see. The building is rather old. It is on a corner. A stairway leads up from a side street. Street cars pass the door. It is a mile or more from this house."

"I questioned her for ten minutes, but she could give me no closer information. For a time I thought there might be something in it, but after getting outdoors I kicked myself for an idiot. I knew all the banks in town, but I could think of only one which bore this description. Suppose I started out to prove her words true? I should be obliged to summon help, and what would any sane man reply when I told him my information came from a clairvoyant? I went down to headquarters, found everything quiet, and went home and called my wife a noodle-head and crept off to bed. Next morning, as I went down town, the bank was in possession of the police. A hole had been cut through the floor of the room over the vault, the brick of the vault roof removed, and the robbers had descended and made their haul, departing some time before day-light. You can't imagine my feeling, no matter how hard you try. I had been swindled at both ends of the route.

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Resignation.

[From "Our Sunday Talks," by J. J. OWEN.]
By request.

I HAVE said—and I would not recall the words,
Though all of my future remain unknown,
That the pathway of thorns my feet have trod
Was for me of all earthly ways the best.—

That the wrecks of my hopes that have strewn the shore,
Like stranded ships by the storm-swept sea,
Where agonies richer with precious store
Than all of earth's treasures were to me.

Had my life been one of indolent ease—
Had fortune before me her baubles spread;
And the empty world, as I sought to please,
Had it placed its emptier crown on my head.—

Had the smiles of earth and the bending skies,
And the pleasures of time, that gladden and cloy,
Had I shared them all in their fullness of sense,
And nothing of earth were there left to enjoy.—

Methinks I should then have missed the prize,
By an infinite waste of barren years—
The gem in the soul's deep mine that lies,
And is wrought into shape through oil and tears.

I ne'er should have found the hidden ore
Of Truth, whose marvellous golden goal
Is only reached through the drifts of life
By the diamond drill of a chastened soul.—

The truth, that opens the shining way
Of trustful endurance forevermore,—
And the pathway of duty is clearly lined
Through the rift in the clouds to the higher shore.

And thus have I patiently learned to bear
The burdens and pains of life's unrest,
Thankful alike for the storm and the calm,
And hopefully trusting that all's for the best.

Decreed.

INTO all lives some rain must fall,
Into all eyes some tear-drops start,
Whether they fall as gentle shower,
Or fall like fire from an aching heart.
INTO all hearts some sorrow must creep,
INTO all souls some doubts come,
Lashing the waves of life's great deep
From dimpling waters to seething foam.

Over all paths some clouds must lower,
Under all feet some sharp thorns spring,
Tearing the flesh to bitter wounds,
Or entering the heart with bitter sting.
Upon all brows rough winds must blow,
Over all shoulders a cross be lain,
Bowing the form in its lofty height
Down to the dust in bitter pain.

INTO all hands some duty 's thrust;
Unto all arms some burden 's given,
Crushing the heart with its weary weight,
Or lifting the soul from earth to heaven.
INTO all hearts and homes and lives
God's dear sunlight comes streaming down,
Gilding the ruins of life's great plain—
Weaving for all a golden crown.

The Silence of Love.

I HOLD that we are wrong to seek
To put in words our deepest thought;
The purer things by Nature taught
Are turned to coarser when we speak.
The flower whose perfume charms the sense
Grows hard and common to the touch,
And love that's wordy overmuch
Is marred by its experience;
For love, like sympathy, hath bands
More strong in silence than in speech,
And hearts speak loudest, each to each,
Through meeting lips and clasp of hands.
Nor could I hope for fitting word
To form in speech the thoughts that start;
The inner core of every heart
Hath yearnings that are never heard.

They are too subtle, and transcend
The power of words to speak them right;
We therefore shut them out of sight,
To burn in silence to the end.
Yet even as the Magi held
Their sun as sacred, so I hold
My love is holy, sacred-souled,
And pure as sacred fire of old.
Nor dare I stain with word or pen
This inner purer love to thee
Whose higher nature raiseth me
Beyond the common line of men.

—HAMILTON DRUMMOND.

Work.

If some great angel spoke to me to-night,
In awful language of the unknown land,
Bidding me choose from treasure infinite,
From godly gifts and glories in his hand,
The thing I coveted, what should I take?
Fame's wreath of bays? The fickle world's esteem?
Nay, greenest bays may wave on brows that ache,
And world's applauding passeth as a dream,
hould I chose love to fill my empty heart
With soft, strong sweetness, as in days of old?
Nay, for love's rapture hath an after smart,
And o'er love's rose the thorns are manifold.
Should I choose life with long succeeding years?
Nay, earth's long life is longer time for tears.
I would choose work, and never-failing power,
To work without weak hindrance by the way,
Without recurrence of the weary hour
When tired tyrant Nature holds its sway
Over the busy brain and toiling hand.
Ah! if an angel came to me to-night,
Speaking in language of the unknown land,
So would I choose from treasures infinite,
But well I know the blessed gift I crave,
The tireless strength for never-ending task,
Is not for this life. But beyond the grave
It may be I shall find the thing I ask;
For I believe there is a better land,
Where will and work and strength go hand in hand.

Hope Deferred.

His hand at last! By his own fingers writ,
I catch my name upon the wayworn sheet:
His hand—oh, reach it to me quick! And yet,
Scarce can I hold, so fat my pulses beat.

O feast of soul! O banquet richly spread!
O passion-lettered scroll from o'er the sea!
Like a fresh burst of life to one long dead,
Joy, strength, and bright content come back with thee,

Long prayed and waited for through months so drear;
Each day methought my waiting heart must break;
Why is it that our loved ones grow more dear
The more we suffer for their sweetest sake?

His hand at last! Each simple word aglow
With truthful tenderness and promise sweet.
Now to my daily tasks I'll sing along,
Fed by the music of this wayworn sheet.

Contentment.

He that holds fast the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between
The little and the great,
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Nor plagues that haunt the rich man's door,
Embracing all his state.

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